

Deep In The Fog

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/44976511) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44976511>.

Rating:

Mature

Archive Warning:

Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Category:

M/M

Fandom:

Call of Duty (Video Games), Modern Warfare 2

Relationship:

John "Soap" MacTavish/Simon "Ghost" Riley

Character:

John "Soap" MacTavish, John Price (Call of Duty), Simon "Ghost" Riley, Kyle "Gaz" Garrick, Gary "Roach" Sanderson, Phillip Graves (Call of Duty), Shepherd (Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 2)

Additional Tags:

Cryptid Soap AU, Cryptid!Soap, Ghost is human and Soap be monster, Human/Monster Romance, Hurt/Comfort, Angst and Hurt/Comfort, Emotional Hurt/Comfort, Monster Hunters, Parent John Price (Call of Duty), Protective John "Soap" MacTavish, Feral John "Soap" MacTavish, Idiots in Love, Hurt Simon "Ghost" Riley, Hurt John "Soap" MacTavish, Philip Graves is an ass, Stinky Philip Graves, Alternate Universe - Fantasy, Alternate Universe, I don't know what else to put help, Medical Inaccuracies, Blood and Injury, Blood and Violence, This is for my fellow monster 'lovers', Military Inaccuracies, author is dumb dumb and doesn't know any military stuff

Language:

English

Series:

Part 1 of [Cryptid Soap AU](#)

Stats:

Published: 2023-02-12 Completed: 2023-05-26 Words: 23,688

Deep In The Fog

by [Crispywheat](#)

Summary

The 141 are specialized monster/cryptid hunters and are in charge of executing all that run rampant. One in particular they had been hunting for, for a long time but it always managed to slip out of their grasps like a slippery bar of soap. Proving to be far more intelligent than they think.

What happens when they realize it's living among them?

Alternate: Soap is a big ol' cryptid!! The 141 hunts down monsters/cryptids but Soap being a little idiot but also smart(?) decides to hide amongst the 141 as human.

Notes

If you've been following my [Tumblr](#) I've been chattering a lot about a Cryptid!Soap au...welp it's finally here, first chapter of a long series!!

TW: for blood, violence etc. (if you are queasy I'd suggest this ain't for you)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Blood splattered the graveled roads, thick and hot, forever to stain its environment as it pooled out, deep and dark like the depths of a void one would get lost in. Sounds of scattering bullets ceasing their fire as they come to a rest. The large lump of a now lifeless body lay sprawled out, on display for those around.

A dusty boot pressing into its side, with a harsh and swift movement as the form rolled over to face the tired and sweat stained men. "That another win, lads!" The man exclaimed with a victorious and feral glint in his eyes as the others shouted victoriously. Grinning ear to ear he stepped up onto the dead creature and then off as he walked back to the group.

The 141. A task force designed to strike down and execute the monsters that haunted their world. They've seen it all, blood and grime, every horror out there. A group of soldiers that treat each other like family.

Captain Price. Leader of the 141 and the tired father figure to the team, he is loyal and very dedicated to his job and making sure his men are well.

The famous/infamous Ghost. The terrifying man with the skull mask, man of little words and a concerning kill count. Outside of the 141 he's stern and has quite a reputation, but within the walls of his task force everyone knows him, and treats him like a human, with the addition of a sergeant attached at his hip practically.

Sergeants Gaz, and Roach. Best of buds and constantly getting on the others nerves, even though Roach is particularly quiet and often using sign language he still manages to be a little shit.

Then finally, their newest member who joined just a few months ago, Sergeant Soap MacTavish. The definition of a wild card, keeping the force on their toes and talking their ears off. Very energetic and feral out on the field. Having easily attached himself to the scary Ghost. Some would call him an idiot for it but Ghost doesn't push the man away, so he takes that as a win and continues bugging him even when he probably doesn't listen to him or just ignores his existence.

Certainly a change of pace.

The 141 often is tasked with killing usually specific monsters harming places around the world. That or stopping others from trying to encourage said beasts. One in particular had been constantly slipping from their grasps, proving its intelligence was rather high. They've never seen it and have never managed to capture or wound the hell spawn.

Only glimpses they've ever gotten was from poor blurry photos shown by locals who were frightened by it, that or the towns crazy people that swear up and down they've come face to face with the creature itself. Cause of how much this thing has been a terror they stuck around the town in Scotland, but no such luck. But keeping themselves busy by eliminating other potential threats they do find.

This creature in particular they had finally killed wasn't much of a threat really, but it was something nonetheless, as they called in a team to pick the bloody thing up. It wasn't too far from their base in the area, just on the outside of town so luckily, no damage or harm done to anyone other than a few cuts and bruises to the team.

Forest beyond their base just a few 100 yards out, was very dense, like a barrier itself to protect the town, but all it did was inhabit the most vile of things. A local legend believing if anyone were to set foot into the forest, that person was as good as dead and wouldn't be seen ever again. The many legends surrounding the area did some good in keeping most people within town and not straying away so there wasn't much to worry there.

And when they weren't worrying about the creature they've been hunting for, they'll be sent out on missions to kill others while they waited for intel. But for the most part, this beast has been very quiet so they weren't worried just yet, having set perimeters around where it's said to lurk but never catching anything.

No one is quite sure how long these things have walked amongst them, the one dated farthest back was about a hundred plus years ago. But even then they couldn't be sure if they might've existed before that, or where the things came from.

Granted while the 141 did kill and eliminate ones that either are threats or potential threats. There was some that weren't worth killing, that or they were completely off limits and considered special.

For example the famous Mothman, Bigfoot, and Lochness Monster (just to name a few), very much off limits. Never harmed anyone before, and were quite popular in today's society and media.

Hell there's even merchandise, statues etc. for them. So of course a select few are off limits for very obvious reasons and to avoid themselves getting sniped by and angry citizen.

And of course, Soap swears up and down that Mothman's ass is the best ass ever. The 141 doesn't believe him in the slightest, and he likes to poke fun and give example that Ghost could almost be a contender for Mothman. Which everytime only receives an eye roll or small groan from everyone as he will stand there proud of himself.

When the man first joined the 141 he was dropped on Ghost like a bomb, and the first thing the Lieutenant did was take a look at the man's files. And yet, it was practically empty like his. Aside from basic information, there wasn't much to go off of other than he was a good sniper and a fanatic for explosions. So by what he got, he kept a close eye on the Sergeant whenever they were on missions together. And after that it kind of spiraled.

Ghosts attention to Soap was received by the other immediately attaching himself to him. So much so that it was no longer just Ghost, no, it was Ghost and Soap. And it was almost uncommon to see one without the other. Granted Ghost didn't know why he never bothered to push the man away, he was his superior he could do as he pleased, but something in him didn't let him.

'His Mohawk is fucking stupid...' He would always think, no that was one of his first few thoughts of him upon meeting him. On top of questioning his call sign but it was later told to him and he caught on to it, still it was dumb.

Nothing seemed to drag Soap down though, endlessly chattery and energetic and weirdly curious about everything. There almost was never a smile on that face other than in the early mornings before coffee, the grumpiest anyone has ever seen him as he would grumble something in Scottish that no one knew.

And on the battlefield? Well when he first witnessed the death of a monster some would say he froze there for a moment with a look of horror on his face, he denies every claim of that, but now he goes all out like some feral beast let loose from its cage. Sometimes getting a little too into it.

A weird habit was, no one ever saw him eat. Sure he would grab food but he immediately booked it to his room afterwards. No one particularly questioned it, figuring he wanted privacy while he ate. There was a time Gaz questioned it, but Soap immediately brushed it off claiming he was insecure and then quickly moved on. It was never questioned after that.

After the fight, they all respectively returned to their normal day to day lives within the base, doing whatever it was they each did. Wasn't until late one night they were all summoned to Price's office. Gaz and Soap chatting away, talking about how they took down that creature from early today, as Roach filed in and sat next to Gaz, joining into the conversation they were having. Ghost eventually showed up, walking in as quiet as ever, brushing by Soap, as he ruffled the man's Mohawk that was growing out and now much fluffier.

Soap swatted at the man with tease, grumbling "Awa wi ye 'n' bile yer heid!" Grinning ear to ear as he eyed the masked man.

"English, MacTavish."

"Go fuck yourself." He huffed, earning an affirming hum from the other as Ghost sat down.

"Alright!" Price clapped his hands to get their attention, "After weeks of nothing, we think we finally got something." He said with a heavy sigh of relief before letting Laswell take the floor.

"A disturbance on the other side of town by the outskirts of the shore had been spotted. Two of our patrols have been attacked, two survived but are in critical condition the rest...dead." Pausing, before taking a breath of air, clicking the slider as it showed images of the massacre, clicking again to show a blurry photo of the beast.

"Granted this is out of the norm for the creature we've been looking for. So there's a good chance this could be a new kind of threat. As of right now we will be sending others in to take a further look and gather more information, I don't want any of you going into this blind and getting yourselves killed." She stated with a stern look upon her features, clicking to the next slide as it showed something new, stepping aside.

"In the mean time, we've got a new issue rising. A group of men have been reported black marketing these beasts and giving them into the

wrong hands, allowing more of these to run free. We found a location point for the next shipment, I need you to go in and stop this operation before anymore can be distributed, then eliminate any creatures left.” Laswell looked at the men, all nodding and giving variations of agreement. Turning to Price to let him speak.

”Alright men, we leave at 0500 tomorrow! I want you to stay vigilant on this mission. This place will be crawling with beasts being sold to market. More info will follow on the way there, dismissed.” With that the group got up, filing out slowly, one by one.

This was going to be a shit show of a mission. Soap could feel it in his gut, deep down. Spotting Ghost walking off to his room, he quickly ran to catch up, giving him a small tap on the shoulder.

Ghost didn’t look, only gave a small grunt in response to acknowledging the other. “So, what ye thinkin’? Bout the mission?” Soap asked curiously as he walked the same pace as Ghost. Silence answering him for a long moment before finally the gruff voice of his lieutenant spoke.

“Not a lot to think about it. Aside all of us will have to stick closer together this go around. Not the safest option as it could lead us to getting caught, but if we’re together and they try to unleash one of em beasts on us, we’ll stand a chance better possibly...” His words sounding more like him spilling his thoughts out but, Soap couldn’t blame him, the man was right it would be too risky splitting off in case one gets hurt, but there were risks to sticking together. Either way, they’ll manage to figure this out.

”For the patrols thing, I don’t think it’s our monster. Sucker’s been dormant for a while and suddenly coming out of hiding to randomly attack a group of men? I mean, yes it’s a mindless creature but...this thing has proven to us already it’s more intelligent than we were led to believe. So, wouldn’t think it’s ours.” Ghost grumbled, scratching his masked chin as he glanced down at the Sergeant, who only seemed to nod.

”Suppose so, ye saw them pictures. Thing was merciless with those poor soldiers. Dinnae think this one ours.” He followed up, only coming to realize they were at Ghost’s door.

Ghost glanced over at Soap carefully, opening his door. “We’ll know

more tomorrow. Get some rest, Johnny.” His voice lower and softer as Soap stepped back.

“Aye, you too.”

With a gentle nod to the other, they went their separate ways. Soap walking back to his room as he heard the small click sound of the door. Sighing softly as he disappeared to his room.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

The mission to stop a group from selling monsters to the black market goes slightly south.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The blaring noise of the damned alarm clock was never a fun thing to wake up to. You'd think after a while one would get used to it and eventually the body makes it a habit to wake up an hour before it even goes off. Not for Soap.

Cursed sound box always gave him a fright, especially when he was sleeping good and felt like he could just melt away into the mattress and sheets, never to be disturbed. At peace with himself and everything around, but that's why the thing was invented wasn't it? To break that peace and force you up, to be a decent and productive being to society.

He groaned out, letting his arm leave the safety and warmth to turn the awful sound off. Turning on his back as he stared at the ceiling, laying there a moment as if truly debating whether he would go on the mission today, as if he had much of a choice in the matter. Peeling himself away from the comfort he had, he began the treacherous journey of getting ready for the day ahead.

Soap started making his way to the mess after getting dressed and ready for what was ahead that day. Walking along the quiet hallway, stifling a yawn that threatened to break free as he neared his destination. The sound of chatter becoming louder the closer he got until he pushed open the doors, the sound of soldiers awake and visiting before having to do their duties for the day.

Eyeing the large room, he made his way over to the coffee, pouring himself a cup of the lukewarm grossness and putting it to his mouth as he drank. Pouring the cup back up again so it was full he went over and grabbed himself a plate of food, or what could only be called it really. With his set routine in hand he began making his way to the double doors to escape to his room to eat.

A tugging sensation startling him as he was yanked backwards by the

collar of his shirt, halting anymore movements from leaving the area, turning around to reprimand whoever did it but stopped half way before realizing the other was in fact, Gaz.

"Steamin' Jesus, Gaz! Ye nearly made me drop my food." Soap huffed dramatically with a frown on his face.

"Oh, shush you're fine. I don't see any on the floor so you'll live."

"What ye want?"

"Want you to join us for breakfast today. You're always hold up in your room eating, why not eat with us for a change?" Gaz motioned to the rest of the 141 sitting there at the table nearby along with a few soldiers, surprisingly Ghost was there that morning as well as he often would be found training or in Price's office discussing missions in the early hours.

A small grimace formed on Soap's face, before smiling as he shook his head politely. "Maybe another time. Ain't up to it." He excused, turning around only to be stopped again.

"Soap, c'mon."

Soap looked between Gaz and the others, mulling the thought over as he chewed on the inside of his cheek, a metallic taste filling his mouth lightly before taking a heavy sigh, "Alright." Giving in as he followed the other sergeant to the table and promptly sat down.

"About time you joined us, Sergeant!" A soldier spoke with a wide grin as the other men chuckled or agreed to him.

Soap held his middle finger up to them which prompted more laughter as Gaz patted his back, all while joining into the commotion. Shaking his head, he glanced down at his plate of food, pushing the food around with a fork like a picky toddler being forced to eat something they didn't enjoy. Feeling eyes on him, he glanced up meeting Ghost's gaze.

Ghost was staring at him, and his eye contact never wavered when caught. He had a look on him, one that Soap new to be him thinking. Tilting his head to the side which Ghost mimicked back.

"I know I'm good looking but ye don't got to make it obvious, Lt."

"Define 'good looking', Sergeant."

There was no real malice behind his words, his tone was light and teasing as his eyes crinkled behind the mask. An expression Soap knew well enough that the man was smiling. Their playful banter consisting of small jabs, god awful jokes and one would say borderline flirting, but they knew when to keep it professional so never letting it drag on too far or let the comments linger for very long.

"Oh c'mon, you know you can't resist this face." Soap grinned, giving Ghost a wink.

"You'd be surprised."

Soap pursed his lips into a pout at that, which followed with a huff from Ghost as his eyes beneath the balaclava wrinkled. He knew that look, hell the two were attached at the hip as everyone called it. The man was smiling. Features softening into a smile, Soap turned away to join the conversation happening beside him, pushing his plate of untouched food away from him.

Feeling those quizzical eyes once again on him.

Eventually the time came to part ways with the base and head on their mission. Truthfully though, Soap thought this to be a simple distraction from whatever it was they had found the night prior. Though neither this mission or what happened put him at ease, this mission was sending his team into an area crawling with creatures and armed men. The risk level for this would be high. The guy sinking feeling he was unsure if it was due to how he felt about this mission or because he hadn't eaten at all.

His thoughts were abruptly stopped when he felt someone sit down beside him on the heli. The presence familiar, looking up to the masked man and giving a small nod in acknowledgment which was returned as well.

The other men finished getting on as they were soon up in the air, and Price began the debriefing. Sat across from Soap was Philip Graves, strange man that one. Something always rubbed him the wrong way about Graves, especially when he first got here.

Maybe it was because the man was American. Yeah, that seemed like a good reason.

Shaking his head he tuned back to reality and out of his head again to listen to Price who was going over what they area will be like.

"This place will be crawling with shipment containers good for hiding, though they will be filled with these beasts so I suggest try to keep a keen eye out incase someone opens them. I want you men in the main building grabbing the intel and eliminating every target, no survivors, we cannot risk these things getting further out." Price paused looking among everyone who all have a firm nod before continuing.

"Strategy wise. The best way I can say to go about this would be splitting in groups, that way none of you won't be completely alone, and we can ensure less casualties and injuries that way. I want all of you to have each others backs, understood?"

His question quickly being answered with 'Yes, Captain!' From all the men around him as he nodded. Attention taken when Graves leaned over to tell him something which he nodded.

"Alright men! Prepare yourselves, five minutes til touchdown!"

Soap straightened up, hands gripping the straps of his vest, mentally preparing for what they were going to encounter. Leg bouncing up and down whether from adrenaline starting to kick in or nerves he wasn't sure, other than it quickly ceased when he felt Ghost's leg lightly tap the bouncing leg next to him. Looking up at Ghost, though his gaze wasn't returned as the other kept looking straightforward, but not moving his leg away, keeping it against Soap's. Not that he was complaining, the gentle and subtle comfort kept him grounded.

Looking back up, he caught Graves staring at him before quickly looking away. Soap's brows furrowing in a puzzled look as he looked away.

Soon enough they landed and quickly got off the heli. Being a little ways out from their exact location so they wouldn't give themselves away immediately. All of them coming to a stand as the heli was soon gone.

"Alright, you heard the Captain! Ghost, I want you to take Sergeant

Garrick and half of the men up the north side. Mactavish, you'll be with me and the other half, we'll be taking the SouthEast side. Any questions?" Graves commanded looking amongst the men as none spoke up. "Good. Let's move!"

A shared look was made between Soap and Ghost as they parted ways. They were always together on missions, they worked well together and had each others backs. It wasn't like he didn't trust the other men, he just trusted the phantom more. Quickly catching up to Graves side as they walked.

"You sure that little hobble of yours won't get in the way?" Graves asked, a somewhat malicious tease in his voice as he looked down at the Sergeant.

Soap flashed him a glare, he knew he had a slight hobble when he walked or ran but it wasn't bad, nor was it easy to tell unless you were watching him closely.

"It won't get in the way. If it did I wouldn't be here."

"Just making sure we won't get slowed down." Graves hummed out, looking straight ahead, knowing full well the Sergeant was glaring him down.

Soap grumbled something in Scottish, which only got a chuckle from Graves. That was a difference between Ghost and Graves, every time he returned to his Gaelic Ghost demanded he speak English which always led into their banter. He was dependent on the man, nor was he going to voice it like he had a silly school girl crush.

He just trusted the man, a lot more than Philip.

Pulling himself together, he continued the trek to where they were headed, only ever speaking to Graves unless it was a command or question about the mission. Upon arriving they were in front of a large metal fence, lucky for them there was a hole in the gate not too far off. Big enough for them to squeeze through.

One by one, they each crawled through the hole in the fence, keeping quiet and each one more alert than the other as they kept watch while the others got through. Once through, Graves adjusted his tactical vest, scanning the grounds before walking.

"Let's get moving."

Watching Graves get to the front of the group, Soap kept to the back of the group making sure they wouldn't get ambushed if these people were expecting them by some chance.

"Lieutenant copy?" Graves spoke through the comms.

"Made it in. Quite a few guys out here, some alone, some traveling in groups." Ghost quickly responded.

"Copy that. Try to eliminate as many as you can, we'll meet back up once intel has been obtained." Graves responded, looking over his shoulder as he motioned for a few of the men to start slowly splitting off into smaller groups to cover more ground.

Soap going off with one of his men. Sticking close together as they looked around, stalking the grounds, passing by shipping containers, some older and some newer, the occasional loud huff or rattle coming from inside a few signaling what was inside. Taking down the men that protected this building with quiet ease. Though they must've missed one as the sound of a gun shot cracking the precious silence rang out, and no sooner than it happened the man that was tagging along with Soap collapsed to the ground helplessly.

Eyes wide as he jumped back, staring down at the lifeless body, blood pooling underneath the corpse. His trance broke by bullets wizzing by, snapping his head back up he quickly bolted towards the building nearby, slipping inside and finding cover behind a few rows of containers. The sun's light bathing the concrete room through the small windows above as he leaned against the container.

The sound of the buildings doors opening up as feet shuffled inside, glancing over to one side of the container he caught sight of a few men that had been chasing him, diving back into cover before he could be seen as he looked around, anywhere to hide him as he knew he couldn't fend all of them off and if he tried it would be down right suicide.

Looking behind himself at the container he leaned against, he made the quick and rather stupid decision to climb inside, opening the door just enough for him to slip inside and close it. Darkness coating every inch of the container once any trace of light was gone once the door was closed fully. Soap's eyes adjusting quickly to the dark around him.

Eyes settling upon a large creature that was in there with him, body freezing up at the sight as it laid there. Though unmoving, seemed it was sleeping he hoped.

Thoughts shattered as he heard the heavy footsteps and sounds of men chattering, backing away deeper into the shipping container quietly as he waited with baited breath, as if expecting them to fully swing open the door and gun him down right then and there and for a moment it almost felt like that would truly happen, but it never came. As soon as they were there they soon moved along.

Soap stayed there for what felt like hours, the silence making it seem longer as he made sure the coast would be clear enough, a breath he had no idea he was holding escaping his lips as he listened for any outside noise. Distant voices, quickly sounding with a thud and instant gun fire.

He could hear the spraying of bullets, some hitting the containers outside walls with a loud clang as it made dents into them. Feeling himself inhale sharply as he watched the doors, waiting for someone to open them.

Hot breath suddenly consuming the back of his neck, blowing down on him in heavy pants as he slowly turned around to look at the very much awake beast, growling lowly at him as it showed its sharp glinting teeth. Though the sergeant showed no fear, keeping his stance as the creature began sniffing him, inhaling his scent as he gently raised his arms for more access as it poked and prodded at him. One would think he was crazy, hell he knew his team would be screaming at him to get away if they saw this.

Meeting the creatures gaze as it stared back at him, and as if there was some mutual understanding that went unspoken the creature huffed out and turned away like that, leaving Soap be. Part of him felt relieved as it laid back down where it originally was, casting a side glance before turning away with a grumble.

His gaze lingered on the monster in front of him, as if it would change its mind and bite him but it did no such thing. Finally turning around he opened the crate slightly, peeking through to see if the coast was clear. The sound of the bullets were much more distant now, taking this chance he squeezed through the opening of the container and once he was out he quickly started booking it to where the intel should be, diving for cover and then moving on whenever he could to avoid being seen.

Finally, god finally he had made it, the room empty of any life, but there definitely was files scattered around. He'd think Ghost or one of their men would've made it here already, but that didn't seem to be

the case as he closed the door, he quickly closed the gap between him at the table filled with the intel they needed.

Scanning amongst the papers and other objects, just to read what was going down exactly and if there was maybe a hidden line underneath all of this.

These guys were planning to send these creatures out across the world. No telling whose hands these beasts would end up in but it couldn't be anything good, now that begged the question, how the hell did they manage to get this many to begin with? These things were far much bigger than a human, and from what he gathered the things were still alive. Did they use something to subdue them? And if so what was it they used, there was something within these lines that just wasn't adding up.

Puzzling and puzzling over the questions that filled his head, he didn't even hear anyone walk in until the click of the door sounded. Head jerking up, he quickly whipped around as he grabbed his gun to point at the intruder. Caught off guard by the other being Graves, his gun lowering.

"Steamin' Jesus. Thought you were one of em'..." he motioned outside, looking Graves up and down, seeing he had his gun out and still pointed at him.

"Graves..." He warned, backing away from the table slowly. "What're you doing?"

"Eliminating a potential hostile."

Shit...

Chapter End Notes

Started getting long so this will be cut in half!! Updates are sporadic it depends on motivation lol...

Anywhooo cliff hanger!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Everything is fine.

Chapter Notes

TW: Lots of blood/violence!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What’re ye on about, Graves?”

“Don’t play dumb, I know you’re not the brightest crayon of the bunch, but you’re not that dim.”

“I’m not following.”

Graves lowered his gun for a moment, letting out an exasperated sigh as he shook his head, pinching his brow line. His attention snapping back quickly to Soap, pointing the gun at him again when he spotted the Sergeant moving. Soap froze, staring the man down.

“You think you’re sneaky hiding amongst us. I’ve studied the damn beasts for years, I know how the things act...you’re not very good at hiding those little qualities, Sergeant.”

Swallowing a lump forming in his throat, his eyes darted between Graves and his gun laying on the table as he stayed unmoving. His palms felt clammy and the room felt hot, hotter than what it was originally his sweat covered Mohawk sticking to his forehead.

“And don’t think no one didn’t see you casually walk out of a shipping container unharmed, knowing full well there’s one of those things in there.”

Soap’s eyes widened slightly at the realization from that, shit he didn’t fully check to see if any of his teammates were around, did anyone else see aside Graves?

“You’re jumping over a whole canyon to reach that conclusion, Graves. I’m as human as a human can get.”

“Please, spare the excuses. Why don’t we list a few things that are, off

about you Hm? For starters, your weird eating habits, how you always eat alone. The weird scars on the sides of your face that reach your mouth, and yet no one knows what caused em'? Not even the Ghost himself and yet you two are attached at the hip."

Graves tone was stern and full of venom as he interrogated Soap, practically jabbing a finger at him that he was one of those things, listing out little quirks or things he did on a daily. But the more thought put into this situation, the more Soap came to the conclusion that Graves has been keeping a close eye on him this entire time.

"Okay, so what? I like my privacy when I eat. And the scars I have are none of your concern." Soap snapped back, glaring at the man as he inched back. But Graves only continued with the list.

"You rarely, if ever blink. And don't get me started on your weird ability to adjust to the dark quicker than most. A humans eyes would take a bit to adjust to the dark but you? Every situation we've had, every mission where it was dark you've had absolutely no issues adjusting to it, hell you can see perfectly in it."

"...I've eaten a lot of carrots in my life, ye should eat them more often."

"And the blinking?"

Soap opened his mouth to speak, but quickly closed it unable to quickly come up with an excuse, he was running out and Graves was on to him.

"I've read your file too, the only thing on it is your basic information...it's all nothing but blank after. Not to mention, don't you find it a little weird the one creature we've had our eyes on for months went quiet the moment you joined us?"

Soap kept his mouth shut, not breaking his gaze from Graves. With a gun pointed right at him he didn't want to play any risky cards right now.

"Nothing to say? Shame, tell you what. I'll make this quick and put a bullet through your head, if anyone asks I'll tell them one of the men got to you. Simple as that, I'll keep my mouth shut about this and you get to die as a soldier."

Gun pointed at him from across the room, Soap braced himself for the worst as he watched Graves finger move to the trigger.

Suddenly a thunderous crash sounded from outside the room, gunshots following immediately after as screams and shouts sounded through the building. Comms coming to life as an all too familiar voice came through. Perfect timing, Ghost.

"Soap, Graves how copy?"

The two men in the room stared each other down for another beat of silence before Soap quickly answered.

"We've got the intel we need, the hell was that out there?"

"One of those damned things got out! Not sure how, but we need some back up."

Soap's mouth went dry at the words that followed after.

Shit, he forgot to lock the damned container back. If he was making a face Graves could definitely see it as his eyes narrowed dangerously at him. But he never said anything. "On it, Lt. Tell us where you're at and we'll meet you"

Ghost responded back with his and the rest of the teams locations, before anything was done or said Soap grabbed his gun and booked it out of the room. Graves was a smart man he could've shot Soap right then and there or before he could answer Ghost, but he didn't nor did he try to inbetween comms. That would've made him suspicious and possibly get found out quickly. He couldn't risk that.

But that didn't stop the circling thought in Soaps mind, the one thought that had him by the throat choking him out.

Graves knew...

He knew. He fucking knew and had been watching Soap this whole time. That made him begin to question who else could be suspicious of him, Ghost maybe?...No, if he suspected or knew he would've said something by now that or Soap would already have a bullet in his head.

Meaning Graves was the only one, but it didn't mean he wouldn't try and get word out about it.

His chest felt tight, definitely wasn't from running and his body felt hot and uncomfortable. His skin itched so much he wanted to claw at it and rip it off. This wasn't *his* body.

Ghost's POV

One thing led to another, one moment he was taking down men left and right with Gaz and the others the next thing he knew he could hear Gaz from a few feet away shout.

"Holy fucking shit! Everyone get down!"

Next thing he knew, one of the locked away beasts came barreling its way through, trampling men in its path as it snarled at them drooling as saliva dripped from its mouth like a wild animal with rabies. And within minutes he was ducking behind concrete pillars as everyone scattered or began firing, but as most of these beasts it didn't go down easily.

Ghost had seen a lot in his time, too much for a human. But he could never prepare himself with watching one of these beasts murder men, each method always different and bloody. One of his men shooting at the beast before it got too close and he began turning on heels running. Only for the poor man to be picked up and tossed in the air like a toy, a blood curdling scream breaking the heavy air quickly cut off by the clamp of its teeth, piercing the fragile flesh and crushing bones with such ease.

The sound was grotesque, forever burning itself down into the minds of everyone there, the monster violently shaking its head with the very much lifeless body in its mouth as it held on tight. The body's bottom half being ripped from its top half as it flew, smacking into a container and falling to the floor. Blood staining the wall of the container and quickly coating the floor.

"Holy- I'm gonna be sick." Gaz gagged over comms.

"Keep it together, Sergeant." Ghost huffed as he looked away, shaking the horrible image from his head.

The room went dead silent, the low growling and clicking of the monster was the only thing to be heard in the room as it walked around looking for more poor victims. Ghost wasn't sure when he

started holding his breath, but he only noticed it when realizing how close the thing had gotten. Pressing himself flat against the pillar, seeing the things jowls poke out to the side of the thing, scenting the air as its mouth laid open. Clicking in the back of its throat as he stayed there for a moment.

Quickly jerking its head away as a shot was fired at it, screeching before running off towards the sound. Finally releasing the air he was holding for so long, feeling like he could turn into a puddle right here and now. But there was a time for that later.

Peering around the pillar, no sight of the beast he quickly booked it to next closest object to hide behind. Sliding down as he hid. Pressing the comms button.

"Soap, Graves how copy?"

A beat of silence. About to say something but promptly cut off before he could, Soap's voice coming through which brought him a sigh of relief.

"We've got the intel we need, the hell was that out there?"

They must've heard the commotion, meaning they were probably nearby.

"One of those damned things got out! Not sure how, but we need some back up." A long pause followed, longer than the first. It made his hands twitch slightly over his weapon as he steadied his breathing.

"On it, Lt. Tell us where you're at and we'll meet you."

"Inside on the far east side. Stay vigilant that thing is lurking around somewhere." Ghost breathed out, looking over the piece of debris he hid behind, before ducking back down. The comms going silent afterwards before Ghost decided to radio Price.

"Price! We're gonna need Exfil, intel has been retrieved but one of the beasts got loose."

"Headed your way, try to kill the thing if you and the team can. Do not attempt any combat if you can't!"

"Copy that, Captain."

"Try to stay in one piece, Ghost."

"Can't make any promises, sir." Ghost spoke, releasing hold from the comms upon hearing a threatening growl return its way to where they were. Bringing himself back to the silence as the heavy footsteps thumped against the concrete, feeling the tremor the steps caused within the floor.

Looking up from his position to see the monster looking around the room. Studying it for a quick moment he deduced that the thing could be killed, would just need a few distractions first.

"Gaz, how copy?"

"Still hiding out Lieutenant. Got ideas?"

Ghost hummed lowly in approval as he kept a close eye on the creatures movements. "Need a bit of a distraction. I'm going to try and take this thing down."

"Read you loud and clear. I'm on it."

Inhaling deeply, Ghost waited for the cue. Watching as the beast lurked around the room, scenting the air as men hid hoping and praying to be spared and to live to see another day.

The loud crack of a gunshot went off suddenly, echoing through the building as the beast whipped its head around towards the noise. Another gunshot firing as it pierced the beasts flesh, screeching as it took off following with more bullets being fired at it rapidly. Gaz and a few men luring the thing away.

Not wasting much time Ghost quickly emerged from hiding, running out behind and began firing his weapon, the creature in the process of whipping its head around towards Ghost but promptly distracted with another spray of bullets on its other side. Torn apart for who to go for as bullets came from all over.

"Flash bang!" One of the soldiers shouted as the loud clink of metal hit the floor beneath the beast.

Backing up, Ghost quickly closed his eyes and covered his ears, as the flash bang went off followed quickly with a loud toe curling screech. Thrashing around, desperately snapping at anything it could unable to see or hear.

Ghost's ears rang just slightly from the bang, not terribly since he had

the balaclava on and using his hands for added protection. Watching the monster helplessly jerk around in every which way as shots proceeded fire, unknowing of where to go as it shook its head violently.

Going to take another shot he pulled the trigger, a click sounding but nothing coming after no bullet. Cursing to himself he lowered his gun as he began to reload as quick as possible, glancing up multiple times as he did so. Finally reloading he looked back up seeing the beast sway slightly as it began to zero in on him. A low growl reverberating from its throat as it shook its head again before charging at him.

Backing away he began shooting again trying to throw it off, but this thing was like a tank and just kept going set on its target as it roared.

A loud clamp of its teeth sounded as its mouth snapped shut, expecting pain to fill him and be cut short but that wasn't what happened as he was suddenly on the ground, pinned down on his side by a heavy weight.

The monster missed by a hair, as it tried to skid itself to a stop only to ram its side right into a concrete pillar, the concrete cracking from the harsh impact and winding the creature as it stumbled trying to recover.

Ghost groaned having hit his head a bit on the ground. He couldn't get up from the weight on top of him, an arm at his side as he then registered who it was. "Soap...?" He huffed out, but he was never given a response and he couldn't look over to check on him. A low growl sounded, but it sounded close, right in his ear close and animalistic.

Then he began noticing. Was Soap's skin always that grayish color? And nails always that sharp and jagged? No they weren't, they were changing right before his eyes. Feeling the weight shift to get off of him he immediately took the chance to look over to see Soap.

The man's Mohawk standing on end like an animal's fur, as he was facing the beast that just attempted to take Ghost's head off. It wasn't moving, and neither was Soap. They were staring each other down, gazes unwavering as a low clicking sound came from Soap's throat. It was loud like it could reverberate off the walls.

Why did that sound seem so familiar?

Before anything could happen a sudden loud and rather powerful shot

went off, striking the beast and exploding against its skin with such an impact it made the thing stumble again, causing whatever was happening between it and Soap to shatter as it screeched, jerking its head over to a soldier holding a rocket launcher as it was being reloaded. Within the mean time it was being reloaded shots returned to fire again stunning the beast causing it to stagger left and right.

Ghost being brought back to reality felt a hand grab his arm firmly and pull him up from the ground.

"Ye, alright there Lt?"

Soap looking up at Ghost, his expression was strange, unreadable but his eyes told something else. Those precious bright blues, bright with feralness to them like a wild beast ready to strike. His scars on his cheeks seemed more prominent now, more than usual. The sergeant let go of Ghost, searching him almost expectantly and anxiously. Ghost's eyes narrowed as he began to speak.

"What are y—"

Voice drowned out as a guttural screech filled the air following with a loud and door shaking thud. The creature falling to its side, limp as its eyes rolled back into its head black blood beginning to pool around its head as everything went still and quiet. The silence heavy in the air.

Ghost's eyes darted over to Graves walking up to the creature, kicking its leg and inspecting it. Pulling out a knife from his leg holster he walked up to its neck and began slicing it open. An extra measure they were all supposed to take to ensure these things were properly dead.

Granted it could just be Ghost over analyzing like he usually did but something felt strange about the way Graves did it this time, slow almost too slow and he was looking at something. Following his line of sight to the Sergeant that stood next to him, he was quiet which wasn't a norm for the loud mouthed man. Seeing his Adams Apple bob as he swallowed, eyes darting away from the other as he looked down.

"Exfil has arrived." Nik spoke through comms.

"Right, on our way." Ghost responded as they all quickly left the building, not looking to stick around any longer than need be. Walking out of the building a gust of wind immediately hit them, the sound of the propellers loud and overbearing.

The team quickly departed from the mission as they got in. Finding their seats with ease. Ghost found himself searching for the Sergeant on the aircraft, scanning amongst the many heads before landing on the familiar Mohawk speaking to price as he handed in the intel, dismissing himself at the Captain and commander began speaking. Watching Soap walk to a seat and sit down, he wasn't running his mouth like he usually did after missions, hands fidgeting in his lap as he kept to himself.

Ghost went and sat down across from Soap, sitting back against the wall as his eyes kept glued to the fidgeting man in front of him, keeping his head down as it swayed here and there like the other was thinking to himself. He wasn't sure how long the silence went on or how long he had been staring until his contact was returned.

Bright blue eyes staring into his. Fearfully.

Chapter End Notes

Cannot tell y'all the amount of times I changed stuff up for this chapter—

It's out finally but gosh did it kick my butt

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Soap did an oopsie and Ghost connected the dots

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for the comments!! Know I read each and every one with immense love! Y'all's interest truly keeps me going with this!

Anywho enough rambling. This chapter we shall return to Soaps pov!! Enjoyyyy!!!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The door slammed shut almost aggressively as the loud click of the lock followed after. Soap stumbling forward into the room as he caught balance having been shoved inside, he didn't turn around. Afraid to meet the others gaze as he straightened himself.

As soon as they had gotten back to base, made sure no one was injured, and debriefed with the intel they all split off. And Soap was hunted down and dragged away discreetly to the Lieutenant's room. His bicep was still sore from the harsh grip that once was on him.

"Look at me, Sergeant."

He inhaled sharply, breath caught in his throat as he slowly turned around to meet the darkened stare. His eyes darting to the floor unable to hold the eye contact. Exhaling loudly as if he had been forced to hold his own breath for ages, his skin tingled uncomfortably. God he was so dead, Ghost rarely, if ever, called him that.

"What the fuck was that out there?"

"...A dinnae ken whit ye'r talking about."

"Bullshit."

Soap fidgeted, looking around the room as if he was looking for ways to escape, to get away from the one person he has never feared until now. Gnawing at the inside of his cheek as he felt the eyes on him, burning into the depths of his soul.

"Talk. Now."

The venom in Ghost's voice was potent. Soap could feel his heart racing like it would leap out of his chest at any moment. He opened his mouth to speak but nothing escaped, tumbling over his attempt for an explanation but nothing came to mind no excuses nothing. Like he wasted all of it defending himself from Graves.

"What are you?"

A simple question yet it hurt the sergeant, hit him like truck as he finally made eye contact with Ghost and held it. Taking a stance as if to properly ground himself if something were to happen, if the other planned to do something to him.

"Not one of you..." he admitted, trying to keep his voice steady.

"That's not the answer I'm looking for."

"I'm not going to say it."

"Why not?" Ghost pressed causing the ropes to finally snap within Soap.

"Because you'll kill me when I do!" Soap exclaimed, taking a step back as he inhaled again like he just uttered something forbidden. Studying Ghost's features, and for once, he couldn't read them. The one time it was important and he couldn't read the man's damned emotions like he usually could. His heart was racing, he felt hot and sweaty and the room felt small like it was collapsing in on him.

"Trust me, you'd already be dead instead of standing right here being interrogated."

"....You're not going to kill me?"

"No."

"Ye not gonna turn me in? Go spreadin' the news?"

"No."

Soap was thrown for a loop by this, blinking rapidly as he tried to wrap his brain around this, his hands finding their way into his Mohawk as he ran his fingers through it before firmly gripping his hair, his breathing heavy and mind overwhelmed.

"Soap, I'm not going to kill you or tell anyone. Just want to hear the words from you."

"Why the fuck aren't you going to kill me?"

Ghost paused, studying Soap as he finally took a step forward towards the panicking scot. "Because you haven't done anything to deserve to be dead, yet."

Soap backed away, swallowing the lump in his throat as he leaned against the wall, slowly slipping down to sit on the floor. Silence growing within the room as Ghost only stood there watching him trying to grasp onto the situation. Head in his hands, as he sat there.

"...I'm not one of ye. I'm...I'm a cryptid like the lot of em'. Or as you humans like the call, monsters and things."

He finally admitted, holding his breath as he looked up at Ghost. Seeing the gears turning in his eyes as he processed the words. Before suddenly joining the other on the floor, sitting next to him.

"Why...why of all places, did you decide to come here?"

"Figured it was my safest option to hide amongst all of you, no one would suspect anything. And seems I've managed to get away with it until now..."

He couldn't help but chuckle almost pathetically at that, looking down at the floor again as his smile disappeared just as quick as it was there. His chest still felt tight and body uncomfortable as he shifted around. You'd think letting this information finally of your chest would be relieving, but it wasn't, not in the slightest.

"You're the thing—...cryptid, we've been tracking down this whole time."

it was more of a statement than a question but nonetheless, Soap nodded his head in response.

"Suppose your name makes even more sense now?"

He could hear the light crack of the joke behind Ghost's words, giving a small exhale through his nose at that as he shook his head. Staring at the floor as the silence returned and began to grow, and yet it still felt tense, a lingering fear still grasping at Soap and pulling him back down into the depths. Putting him in a position of whether to trust his

fight or flight instincts.

He knew Ghost...he knew, Simon. He trusts him, and he knew that the other wouldn't go back on what he said. But that lingering fear, it put the bad into his mind that Ghost would change his mind any moment, with information as precious as this.

"Johnny--"

Soap blinked, looking up and feeling something wet upon his face. Reaching his hand up and touching his cheeks before bringing his hand down to look at it.

Oh.

He wasn't sure when that started but god it felt humiliating in front of his superior and close friend. Breathing in sharply he wiped his face more, trying to compose himself.

"You're not going to kill me, right?"

Ghost was quiet, staring at him with his blank stare but he nodded, laying a gentle yet firm hand on his shoulder. "You have my word, John."

'John'. Now that was a name he rarely, if ever, heard from the mouth of Ghost. But the seriousness within the use of his name had him feeling reassured and a bit more at ease as he finally made proper eye contact with the man beside him.

"I don't intend to hurt any of ye."

"I know."

"I just want to be able to survive."

"....I know."

While Ghost wasn't considered the greatest at the whole comforting thing, to Soap his presence and just being heard for once was enough for him. To not have to hide who he was, while it was still very much frightening, he trusted Ghost and he knew Ghost trusted him and he intended to keep it that way. Ghost listened, even asking questions when his curiosity lingered for too long and Soap humored the man, but kept a boundary.

"Am I allowed to ask about the scars?"

"Hm?"

Ghost motioned to the sides of Soaps face, the jagged scars that stretched from the corners of his mouth and across his cheeks. It clicked in his brain immediately as he nodded in understanding, then hesitated.

"I don't think you're ready for that information."

"Really?" Ghost puzzled.

"Really, another time. Baby steps, wee baby steps. Wouldn't want to scare ye off, especially after this news."

Soap swore he could see a hint of disappointment in the others eyes, quickly masked off with a sigh of acceptance. They were taking small steps, Soap being a cryptid in general was a lot to process even if one had suspected such things. Too much information at a time wasn't good for the brain. And Ghost knew, they both would be going at Soap's own pace with this.

"So you were the one who accidentally let that thing loose?"

"Yep." Soap confirmed, popping the P at the end of his word, a small smile tugging on his lips.

Ghost gave an exasperated sigh, rolling his eyes in an amused manner at that. "Always gotta give us a challenge on missions huh?"

"Aye, definitely wanted to play hero and pin ye to the ground. Might I add, ye look great at that angle, Lt."

"Christ. Keep it tactical, Soap"

Soap chuckled, a good one at that as he held further laughter back. They had been sitting there for some time and were going back and forth discussing things, originally about cryptids and sorts which delved into the topic of the mission and how in the world that one creature got loose.

"Always, Ghost."

Was Ghost breaking lots of rules right now? Yes. Did he care? Nope. While he was trained to kill cryptids, monsters, whatever you wanted

to call them, on sight with no hesitation because he was taught they were merciless beings, everyone was. This was Soap, he couldn't kill the one person he had grown so close with in the past months, even if said person was secretly a scary monster in disguise.

He would be willing to protect whatever it was they had.

"Ghost?"

Soap spoke, studying him through the mask, a look of nervousness and uncertainty upon his face. Fidgeting starting up again as he swallowed the hard lump in his throat.

Ghost hummed in acknowledgment as he waited patiently for the reply of the other. But he wasn't prepared for what he was about to say.

"Graves knows."

Chapter End Notes

Smaller chapter than usual but a good soft one at that to break from the drama.

Thank you all for being patient with this chapter. I was out sick for a bit but I'm now happy to be back!!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What?”

”Graves, he knows too.”

Ghost’s hand retracted from the sergeants shoulders. Eyes widening then squinting as he processed those words that were just spilled to him.

”Who else knows?”

”Just you and him.”

That tension from before returning to the room as they grew quiet. Mulling over thoughts and what to say to something like this.

”A dinnae ken how long it’ll be till he decides to say something or do something drastic.”

”Does he have any proof?”

”Not physical evidence, no.”

”If he’s smart, he won’t be saying anything unless he wants to run the risk of being called a lunatic. With no definitive proof, no one would believe him.” Needless to say, Ghost had a point. No one would believe any of it without actual hard proof, and as far as Soap was aware, Graves had none of that. But then again, he was a smart man he wouldn’t be in his rank if he was stupid and didn’t play cards right.

He would have to be tip-toeing around the man as much as he could. Weighing in all possible outcomes, he didn’t know what he would do if the whole base found out. All he knows is that he would be a dead man...well, monster.

Soap still couldn’t fully rack his brain around the fact Ghost now knew. And the fact he was still very much alive and safe. As if Ghost could read his mind he felt that comforting hand on his back, bringing him out of his swirling thoughts.

"We'll figure something out. Not sure how, but we will."

Nodding his head, a smile lingered on the Scotsman's lips. Letting his gaze drift around the room, they had been in Ghost's room this whole time, granted it wasn't much. Just as bare like the other rooms in the barracks aside some small personal items.

Soap had only been in the others room a few times, those times mainly being to just bug the other because he was bored while waiting for a mission or something to come up, and the other just accepted his presence. He wasn't sure what it was but something between Ghost and him just clicked with such ease, he'd be lying if he said all of his feelings for his Lieutenant were platonic. Would he admit to it? No, because he was a stubborn bastard set on the idea that it was weird and the other didn't share the sentiment.

Even if Ghost very blatantly went along with the flirting and banter they did.

"How about we go train for a bit? Price wants to do another debrief later, but in the mean time..." Ghost suggested letting his sentence fall out as if to linger on the offer as he kept his gaze on Soap who thought on it and with not much difficulty deciding and weighing options he gave a nod.

"I'll beat yer arse."

"Whatever helps you sleep at night."

"I can think of a few things that do." Soap grinned wiggling his brows.

"Tactical, Johnny."

"Keeping it very tactical, Simon." He gave a hearty laugh as he patted the man's shoulder and stood up from their place on the floor. Stretching his arms over his head as a few pops sounded. Not even noticing Ghost had already stood up by now and was taking off his gear, throwing him by surprise for a moment.

As soon as they finished debriefing with Price he was taken to the others room, didn't even make time to get settled in or anything and he only noticed now that Ghost still had his gear on. Tossing gear on the bed or just off to the floor.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer Johnny."

"Awa' a bile yer heid!"

"English."

"Fuck off."

"That's better." His voice rumbled, sly amusement lacing his tongue as he glanced over his shoulder at Soap, eyes wrinkled under the mask and Soap knew that expression just from the eyes. Bastard was grinning ear to ear.

Soap exhale through his nose heavily as he shook his head at the masked man, making his way to the door.

"Ye'r insufferable."

He heard something mumbled, but it was too quiet to pick up on as he looked over at Ghost who gave him a small nod. In which Soap shared it, before looking back to the door and opening it as he slipped out of the room and closed the door.

He began making his way over to his own room after that, just to get changed into something more appropriate for training. Walking down the long hallway as the silence buzzed in his ears, a stark contrast the the light and comforting energy that was left behind in his Lieutenants room. But this brief moment of silence allowed his mind to begin its spiral as he thought on what just happened.

Where did he go wrong? What did he do to be found out? He searched his memory bank for anything that could've given him away but he couldn't find anything. That made the realization of just how closely Graves was watching him all the more terrifying. He felt sick just thinking about it.

Ghost said they were going to figure out a way to fix all of this, he wasn't sure how exactly and he was more than positive Ghost didn't know either. The truth was beginning to unravel and he knew it would be a matter of time til the others found out. He just hoped by the end of all this he wouldn't have a bullet in his head.

"Wait, repeat that?"

"I want you to let loose. I want to see what you're holding back."
Ghost repeated, fists raised as he stared Soap down from across the ground.

Soap should've seen it coming when Ghost had requested they trained, he wasn't sure why he didn't think of it before but god he was an idiot for not putting two and two together.

"Simon, I can't--"

"You can."

He was cut off by Ghost's response. His baffled expression very apparent as Ghost looked at him nonchalantly like he didn't just order him to do the one thing he was trying to keep quiet of.

"No one is going to see, I'm here enough to know when the dead hours are. And I'm not asking you to go completely loose, just a bit."

The reassurance wasn't helping much. He obviously could control letting his true nature come forth, it was more of the matter he was worried he would get caught or accidentally hurt the other.

"Show me that little outburst you had back on the mission. You took me down like I was nothing, let me see that again."

Soap hesitated, stance lowering as he relaxed his muscles. Pondering on the matter as he stood there. And he seemed to stand there long enough for Ghost to begin thinking he wasn't going to do it, because the man started to turn away to finish up training.

Within seconds Ghost was on the ground, the wind being knocked out of him as he landed on his front, hands pinning him down and pressing firmly into his back as a low growl emitted from the back of Soap's throat. Slowly letting off of him to allow him to get up.

Taking in a deep and sharp breath, Ghost turned himself around to get a proper look at Soap who stood above him. That familiar unhinged feral look captivating his eyes, searching Ghost's before backing off for him to stand up as he firmly planted himself, raising his arms and hands.

Standing up, Ghost dusted himself off as he took his stance. Amusement clear in his eyes as they stood there waiting for one of them to make the first move, shuffling slowly in a circle around each other until finally Soap threw the first punch.

Ghost grabbed the sergeants fist, redirecting it and going to throw the next which was easily dodged as Soap ducked his head.

hit after hit, swing after swing. Soap managing to land a surprising amount of blows on Ghost, he was more unpredictable and lighter on his feet so he was easily taking the Lieutenant by surprise. Ghost would be lying to himself he said that Soap didn't look more alive than usual like this. He was a bit more free and letting all his pent up energy out.

Soap was knocked to the ground without warning, wide eyed as he felt a knee press into his chest firmly. Staring up at Ghost who looked down at him, clearly proud of himself for pinning the Scotsman down.

"Dinnae let this git tae yer heid. I let it happen."

"Mhm. You need to focus on your footing more."

The sergeant grumbled underneath the knee, a low growl emitting from the back of his throat as he snapped his teeth at Ghost, who only chuckled in response, clearly letting this victory run right to his ego. Eyes flickering to Soap's mouth, squinting slightly.

He swore he could see the skin tearing at the corners to show more teeth. Then again, if that was the case it shouldn't be much of a surprise considering the source. His mind brought back to the forefront as Soap grabbed his attention.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer." He teased almost mockingly.

Ghost hummed lowly, pressing his knee in a little more.

"What's the fun in a photo when I've got the real thing though?"

Soaps eyes widened at that, caught off guard as his cheeks flushed as he stumbled to say something snarky but he couldn't find the words.

"Hey!"

Their attentions snapped up and over to the voice.

"Price needs us!" Gaz called from the door.

The two stared before nodding firmly, looking back at each other for a split second before separating and peeling away from the training grounds.

Chapter End Notes

Nothing lasts forever, this domestic atmosphere won't be here forever.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Chapter 6?! Wow, not sure how long this series will last but let's aim for 10 or more ya? Also! Can't say it enough but thank you all so much for the kind words! I truly love getting to read yalls comments with every chapter and seeing everyone's reactions and feedbacks! It brings lots of joy every time I read! ^^

Now enough me rambling! Let's get to this!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The room grew dark as lights were turned off. The only source of light was from the projection screen as everyone gathered in front waiting for their Captain to speak.

The tension in the air was present and everyone seemed to know this wasn't about the mission they had come back from without anything needing to be said.

Once all were sat down was when Price cleared his throat and began.

"We've gotten more information on the beast that was found outside of town that killed a few of our men. This thing is nothing like what we've handled before, it's violent and only fueled by carnage...I need all of us to go in and put an end to this thing before it can do anymore damage. We will be in groups for this assignment, and under any circumstances do **not** split off. Anyone that gets separated is as good as dead."

Price emphasized on not splitting up, of course it would be suicide if done so as this thing was far different than from what they've worked with.

While the Captain continued, somewhere within the room Soap felt the stinging of eyes burning holes into his skin uncomfortably. His body tensing up as he tried to stay focused, but that was fruitless as he let his eyes travel the room and settle on Graves.

Leaning against the table and looking over at Soap, gaze hard and malicious as Soap quickly turned away and tuned back in to what Price was saying. Shifting in his seat.

"We've gotten some new weapons to take this thing down as well. Looks like a normal tranquilizer gun, but the dart is laced with some toxins to knock it out. This will be the first time we are using them, so we aren't for sure the dosage and how many hits it'll take before it goes down...just don't point it at each other as it's lethal to humans."

Price pointed, a small bit of humor in his tone at his last statement as a few chuckles rose into the air.

As they continued on a plan was made to take this new hostile threat out, who would be with who and how to approach this situation, which their main source of it would be stealth to try and get the upper hand on it first before it could act on anything.

With that they were all dismissed to get ready.

A deep gut feeling stirring within Soap, something about this mission unsettled him and he couldn't shake the feeling as he exited the room. Heart pounding in his ears as he let his feet guide him.

His shoulder suddenly grabbed, startling him as he whipped around.

"Whoa! Whoa! Relax man." Gaz shouted as he threw his hands up in defense.

Soap relaxed upon realization as he lowered a fist that nearly hit Gaz, swallowing nervously.

"Sorry, was in my thoughts. Caught me off guard was all."

"You've been in your head a lot here lately. Something up?"

"No, no. Just been thinking is all."

"About?" Gaz pressed on the matter. Soap huffed a bit as he shook his head, turning to walk again as Gaz followed after, walking by his side.

"C'mon man. Don't hold out on me."

"It's complicated." Soap excused, looking down at the tiled floor he was walking on.

"Can't be that complicated, try me."

"I can't."

"Can't or won't?"

"Both." Soap hissed, wanting the conversation to be done and over with. Sure Gaz was his best friend and all, but that didn't mean anything to how he would react if he told him. Only reason he told Ghost was because he was caught in the act and he knew he wouldn't be able to evade Ghost that easily. He just got lucky that Ghost didn't kill him.

He felt mentally exhausted by all that's happened so far, trying to forcefully keep it all together and not let the flood gates break, this was a matter of life and death to him and he was choosing life and god was it proving to be a pain in the ass. Especially trying to keep it together with Graves being on his ass about this. Graves was a smart man, he wouldn't doubt it if the other had saw through his pathetic excuses.

Only reason Graves hadn't acted was because he had no physical proof for the claims he made. And if he said anything now without said proof he would be seen as a nut case, Price would probably laugh in his face.

His skin itched.

"I'm gonna go get ready. Meet ye outside later?"

"Always, see you then" Gaz spoke as he parted ways with the Scotsman. Being glad to deflect the conversation now as he continued his way to his room.

The air was dense with fog, mist coating the air around them as they arrived on the outskirts of town. The shore was nearby as the waves could be heard crashing against the sandy earth, and not far off was the dense forest they had been keeping an eye on for several months for a specific creature.

But the one they were eliminating today wasn't the one they had been keeping track of, no, that creature had been with the 141 for several months. Unbeknownst to timer of them, it was living with them, the slippery thing.

"Alright men! Let's set up a perimeter. You know who you're all with so get in groups and let's move!" Price called out, adjusting his hold

on the new weapon.

With that they all split into groups, Soap being lucky enough to be in a group with Ghost as they began spreading out near the forest and shoreline. The large trees scraping the sky and covering it up the further they moved in. The forest was eerily quiet aside the sounds of heavy boots against the ground and movement of their weapons.

The familiarity of the forest coming back to Soap as he breathed in deeply and then exhaled as he followed at Ghost's side, the rest of their men following behind as they walked. Each and everyone of them walking with caution at every step they took, hyper vigilant as they walked.

The further they went in the more Soap's gut grew uneasy as the silence carried on with such a heaviness it was suffocating. His head felt funny as he leaned it side to side and rolled his shoulders back as his bones popped.

"How copy, Soap?" Ghost's voice rumbled beside him.

"Something doesn't feel right about this."

"What do you mean?"

"A dinnae ken...just all of this seems too simple." He whispered as he looked at his superior, who seemed to be sharing the same concern. They hadn't seen any signs of the creature they were looking for and on top of that, something deep within Soap's gut was twisting itself like there was something more to all of this. But he couldn't place what it was.

"Everyone copy, what's your status?" Price radioed through the static of the comms. Replies filtering through from every group, all coming up with absolutely nothing. There was no sign of what they were looking for anywhere. With a defeated sigh, Price spoke again.

"Alright, let's regroup men. We'll figure something out from there."

Several groans from the men behind Ghost and Soap filled the air as they turned back around and began heading back to the location they started at. That feeling Soap had still being unshaken as they continued on in silent defeat.

Upon arriving back, Ghost immediately split off to speak to Price as

the other men lingered around speaking to each other in hushed tones. Soap lost in thought as he scanned everyone there. Something was off.

Someone from the group was missing, no scratch that, several men were missing from the group.

"Price...Hey, captain."

He called out, waving a hand as he grabbed the man in the stupid hats attention. A confused look on his face and slightly annoyed at the interruption.

"What is it, Soap?"

"Not all men are accounted for."

"What?" Price snapped as he began looking around, eyes scanning over each and every one of the men. One in particular wasn't there amongst them like the others that were missing.

"Where's Graves?" He asked looking around.

A sudden rustle snapping them to attention as everyone froze, watching as Graves and then the missing men slowly move out from hiding, weapons drawn and pointed at them. That gut feeling began growing again.

"Graves what the fuck is this?" Price growled, approaching the commander but promptly stopping right in front of him, standing his ground with an unwavering stare.

Soap and Ghost looking over at each other before back to Graves. Ghost began moving, but was forced to back off as one of the men pointed their rifle at him.

"You're out of line, Graves." Soap spat, stepping forward. Price held his hand out signaling Soap to stop moving in which the Sergeant did so. The commander looked at him, his face was blank but his eyes were smiling with a horrid glee.

"No one needs to get hurt here." Graves reassured.

"Are you threatening us?" Ghost questioned him, his brows furrowing underneath the mask.

"I don't make threats, Lieutenant. I make guarantees."

Suddenly he gave a small hand motion to the men by him as they began spreading out, surrounding them. The men trapped within the circle looking around.

"What's this about?!" Price yelled.

"It's about time you let the pros handle this. We have unfinished missions to deal with...starting with the one we've been chasing for months."

The gun was now on Soap.

"Have you not noticed how odd it was, the one slippery bastard we were chasing for so long up and disappears as soon as **he** joins? How we haven't seen or heard a single thing after he arrived on base?... awfully coincidental, isn't it Sergeant?"

Soap's mouth was dry, eyes wide as he searched his brain for any excuse in the damn book to try and wriggle his way out of this. His hands twitched in unease.

"The fuck is he getting at?" Gaz snapped. A dumbfounded expression written all over his face.

"I would have a full explanation and list everything out but...I'm on a bit of a time crunch so, just think a little bit to the mission all of you just went on, what happened between Sergeant MacTavish and the beast that got loose. I'll leave it to you to put two and two together, you're all good at that surely." Graves explained with a simple shrug of his shoulders as he readjusted his aim on Soap.

The silence brewing in the air as gears were turning slowly in everyone's minds to what happened on the mission. Soap suddenly laughing almost pathetically as he forced a grin, letting words tumble out of his mouth as he struggled to keep proper composure.

"That's quite the accusation there, Graves. A bit of a stretch really. Was more luck than anything back there."

Soap turned his head to look at Gaz, his best friend in hopes the other was just as convinced that Graves lost his mind. But instead he was met with a thoughtful look as things began connecting. His grin dropped. Eyes meeting his with something new, different.

Fear.

No...No,nononono!

This wasn't right, he wasn't supposed to know. He wasn't supposed to fear him!

The blood roaring in his ears as he felt eyes burning holes into his skin that itched like thousands of insects were crawling all over him. Crawling inside him. It was so hot outside suddenly.

"Fuck this!"

Price shouted as he began moving closer to Graves, he was stopped abruptly as the butt of a rifle landed on the side of his head, the impact made by one of the men on Graves side. The Captain's body collapsing to the dirty ground. The first attack made, signaling as fighting broke out, shots fired sporadically, men falling left and right. It was a blood bath.

And in the midst of it all, Soap was drowning. He was drowning in his own mind, a whirlpool of emotions and thoughts scattering everywhere as he was frozen in place.

A shot was fired.

He heard his name somewhere. His eyes darted up, and within the last stretch he dodged it, feeling the searing graze of it pass his arm as he hissed, toppling over on the ground as he rolled behind one of the vehicles parked. Rolling over as he landed firmly on his knees, puffing out heavy breaths as the burning sensation tingled his skin, looking to see the bleeding arm. Cursing to himself as he put a hand over the wound.

Looking up from his position he scanned the mass of men fighting, scanning around the crowd as he heard that voice again.

"Johnny!"

Ghost. Soap looked again, making eye contact as Ghost waved him down to leave, to find safety.

"Johnny go! Now!" His voice stern but laced with panic as he turned to keep shooting.

He hesitated. He couldn't leave them behind, but at the same time, he was the target and Graves was after him. Just as he stood to his knees he caught sight of Ghost falling to the ground.

That wasn't right. Ghost wasn't supposed to fall, he never does. Why wasn't he getting up?

Soap was internally screaming at him to get up, but he wasn't. Until finally he shifted and sat up, hands immediately going to his leg.

Ghost was down.

He has been shot.

Now Soap really couldn't leave. His Lieutenant was down and now his life was vulnerable to the carnage around them. But he couldn't get himself to move, he was stuck in place on whether to run or stay. His mind was tearing apart at the seams, his heart pounded in his chest. But it sounded like it was up in his ears and hitting against his skull repeatedly.

Suddenly a desperate scream was let loose, causing everyone to freeze in place.

Tearing through the forest beginning its rampage as it could be seen chomping down on the remains of whoever's poor soul that may be. Letting out an ear splitting screech.

This had to be the absolute worst time ever.

Chapter End Notes

The amount of times I rewrote this is gonna send me into cardiac arrest...enjoy my lovelies, it all gets worse from here!

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

default dances

TW: blood, gore, and violence!

The blood. Soap thought he never seen so much of it, that or that much would be compacted in a body. But add several into the mix and you have a perfect blood bath. The smell of iron filling the dense air along with its screams and cries for mercy.

Bullets were flying through the air, mainly directed to the beast barreling through the soldiers like they were nothing but pins. Then the tranquilizers were introduced, piercing the creature as it wailed but it didn't go down. The set back with the tranquilizers was the reload for them was slow, and if you factored in what was going on currently. It was much slower now.

Soap was hiding out by one of the vehicles, eyes on the creature that he wouldn't even consider a cryptid. Pulling his eyes away he looked over in the direction he last saw Ghost, who was still there but struggling to get back up, seeing Graves approaching him now while the thing was nearby.

He didn't know what to do. He wouldn't make it over to Ghost in time in this body, but he couldn't risk being found out, well that was all out the window now because of Graves. But the thought of what would happen to him scared him deeply, but Simon's life was at risk. So many factors of what could happen and he didn't know what to do. Mulling over every one with haste as Graves grew closer, raising his gun.

Fuck it.

He began running. Dropping his weapons, and taking his tactical vest off, discarding it on the ground as he left it behind. On a mission now.

Just as Graves put his finger on the trigger, Ghost caught look of something moving, eyes widening in genuine show of surprise, covering his head with his arms as he pressed himself against the ground. Graves brows pinching in confusion, as he looked over. Unable to register in time what it was Ghost saw as he was taken to

the ground, gun thrown into the air as the breath was knocked out of him.

Gasping for air, trying to inhale what little air he could in a pitiful fit as he opened his eyes to look up. Coming face to face with a very large creature. Mouth full of sharp teeth that seemed to spread almost ear to ear as a loud clicking sound reverberated from its throat. There was no pupils or irises in its eyes, all there was, was blue sclera staring into his very soul. No movement as it's tail swished violently.

The sound of a trigger was pulled. Piercing flesh as the beast's head jerked back, looking down at its upper arm, seeing a tranquilizer dart imbedded in the skin. Shiny and brand new, bright green feathers attached to the end of it. Lifting its clawed hand up, pinching it between two fingers and ripping it out.

Dropping the dart onto the ground, a low growl as it bared its teeth at Graves. The air taken back out of him as panic set into Graves' features when the thing began moving.

Teeth sinking into his leg, tearing skin and muscle as it clamped down on his leg, the commander being dragged against the floor as a scream cut its way through his throat as he was swung around like a chew toy, leg tearing as he was thrown into the air. The beast standing to its full height which definitely had to be reaching around eight to ten feet tall as it reached its big clawed hands up and smacked the man back down to the hard earth.

The scene was absolutely brutal, but nothing would prepare anyone for the horrid scene that took place as the creature began tearing into the man like a kid with a candy wrapper. Blood staining the ground and its face as it ripped him limb from limb. No way the man would still be alive after such an act was committed. Lifeless body helpless against the carnage and rage as the creature pushed his dismembered body away, long tongue sliding out and licking its face clean of the stain.

Clicking sounds following after, looking around as it continued clicking before seeming to catch sight of Ghost. Stalking towards him, promptly stopping in its tracks in front of Ghost as the man inched away from the beast. Studying him, cocking its head to the side.

Tufts of hair falling to the side, its hair almost resembling and grown out and untamed Mohawk, starting from its head and promptly following down its back, big and fluffy. Its large tail swishing from

side to side as it took hesitant steps forward.

"...Soap?"

Ghost almost cautiously spoke. A few clicks coming from the beast as if in response as it got closer to Ghost, the man hesitant at first until the creature suddenly started rubbing the side of its head against Ghost's side, almost like a cat as it cooed, it's large hair practically smothering the other. Pulling itself away to look at the man, before starting its trek of looking him over for injuries. Promptly landing on the bullet wound on his lower leg.

It was bleeding definitely, but it seemed to have missed anything major so he would be fine for the most part. Looking around for a moment, determining if safe to move.

Ghost was suddenly pulled up into the air as a large hand clasped itself around him, taking him back over to one of the still intact vehicles. Practically ripping the door off its hinges and setting him inside, trying to be as gentle as he could with Ghost. Meeting the others eyes, silent but the eye contact held so much in it.

Soap flinched, a pained whine escaping him as he turned his head, picking out yet another tranquilizer from his back. Growling lowly as he turned to see one of Graves men pointing a gun at him. He went to move, but stopped and looked back at Ghost. Hesitating whether to leave the others side or stay.

Ghost reaching out and lightly pushing on the large creatures shoulder.

"I'll be fine. Go."

Another moment of hesitation. And he was hit again with another tranquilizer, slumping forward slightly as Ghost yelled his name, head lolling slightly. Trying to get ahold of himself he shook his head violently, pushing over the vehicle with enough force to rock it. Pursuing the attacker as the man took to running. But the escape was fruitless as he was brutally trampled to the ground and ripped open.

Snarling loudly as his face dripped with the sticky remnants of the man. Soap's vision blurred almost, blinking as he slightly faltered with heavy spouts of breaths. Trying to get a hold of himself, as he focused on the beast still causing havoc around them. Managing to compose himself he began beelining to the beast.

The creature was about to end another soldier's life with no mercy as he screamed and begged. But was promptly stopped in its tracks as Soap barreled right into its side, biting down on the nape of its neck as he took it to the ground. It screeched and thrashed around, twisting its body to get to Soap. The large bodies tangled up, scrambling to try and end the other's life as claws were out, biting, scratching and kicking.

The two were on a mission for bloodshed, crushing anything in their path. Shots were still being fired at the two, bullets and tranquilizers. The beast managing to bite down on Soap's shoulder, drawing blood as it locked its jaw. Letting out a pained screech, as he thrashed, kicking the creature's gut and clawing at its face.

Pressing Soap into the ground, holding his upper body down, blood stained teeth bared as saliva dripped from its mouth. Soap continued struggling, desperately trying to wriggle his way free but being unsuccessful. The creature opened its mouth as it lowered its jaws to Soap's neck, ready to clamp down and crush his air ways.

Desperately trying to get away as he kicked and flailed, but his movements were slowing, he suddenly felt tired and limbs heavy. Awaiting his fate, but it never came.

Instead the creature suddenly jerked its head up and whipped around as it screeched, something having taken its attention away as it growled. Taking the opportunity Soap used what strength he had and gave a good kick to its gut, catching it off guard as it backed off. Getting up he quickly tackled it to the ground, its movements slow as it flailed around.

Pressing his large clawed hands against its face forcefully into the ground. Biting its neck and using his other hand to claw into its side. Tearing into the skin as it thrashed and tried to fight, blood spilling from its wounds as its body suddenly went still and completely limp, Soap crushing its neck between his teeth before ripping it open, allowing the flow of blood to increase as he backed off the now lifeless beast. Growling lowly as he kept eyes on it, as if it would come back to life and strike again. But it never did.

huffing heavily through his nostrils he stumbled away, adrenaline now dissipating as he tripped over his large limbs. Mind fuzzy with static, everything sounded drowned out like he had his head underwater. The only thing he heard clearly was his loud breathing.

He wasn't sure where he was going exactly but he was moving, until he wasn't and he was falling. Hitting the ground as he laid there, helpless to whatever he was succumbing to. The stench of blood still heavy in the air as voices rang out around him, all muffled but fearful of the events that just occurred.

Last thing the cryptid heard was the call of his name distantly before the inky black drowned him.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

I'm gonna be honest I'm winging it every chapter, one set idea in mind and the rest no clue what I'm doing...anywho! We've got an official ending chapter!! 4 more chapters left to fit all this crazy in!!

This chapter is a fairly big one, but hey gotta have some healthy communication after you find out your best friend is a cryptid.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The buzzing was loud, so loud it was almost hard to discern if it was coming from an outside source or coming from the static of his brain. His mouth tasted metallic, a horrid after taste left in it from something he struggled to pinpoint in his foggy mind. His head throbbed and his body felt heavy.

Forcing himself to open his eyes to the world, he found he wasn't in the forest where he last remembered, no, he was in a grey room and the source of the buzzing was from the lights above him, a small metal table sat within the middle of the room with two metal chairs on either side. Slowly the gears started turning, and then clicking together of where he was.

His heart quickened as he could feel the panic set in, a hard lump of ice dropping in his gut as he quickly went to stand up. Smacking his head against the concrete ceiling and feeling dizzy from standing up so quickly. Hissing out in pain as he stumbled around the room, clawed hand finding its way to the top of his head as he found himself leaning on the table which creaked under his weight. Scanning the room frantically, a loud squawk echoing in the almost empty room calling out in hopes someone on the outside would hear. But nothing was returned.

Upon looking around he had spotted a camera in the very corner of the room, a low growl emitting from deep within as he made his way to the other side of the room in two quick steps before promptly ripping the device out of the wall, it practically crumbled within his hands, furthering the damage by throwing it down and stepping on it as he made his way over to the corner he had woken up in. Making his place there as he waited with baited breath.

He wasn't sure how long he waited, he had no sense of time and the room was beginning to feel too small, the air was suffocating and hot and he was feeling on edge, hair standing on end like a cat that had been frightened. Suddenly the click of the door filled the room, shattering the quiet as it squeaked open. Part of him hoped Ghost to be the one to enter the room, but it was wishful thinking as he pressed himself against the wall as if hoping to just merge with it and disappear from existence entirely, so much for being a cryptid huh?

His eyes glued to the door as it opened further, watching as the person to walk in was none other than Price, and he could feel himself relax slightly at the sight of the familiar man, but the tension was very much still there as he could tell the others movements were cautious like if he stepped on the wrong spot in the room he would be taken to the ground and have his throat ripped out.

Price had made his way to the desk that had a visible dent in it, which he took note of. And also note of the smashed camera.

"That's coming out of your pay check, you know?"

He spoke, a small humor to his tone in hopes of lightening the situation. And only now did Soap seem to take into account the other was holding some clothing and a pair of shoes, setting it on the opposite side of the table that was closest to the large cryptid in the corner staring him down. He didn't sit, he stayed standing as he placed his free hands on the back of the chair.

"I know this isn't the most ideal situation right now, trust me I don't like it anymore than you do. But, things got out of hand out there and it went beyond my own control..."

He wasn't given a response, just blank blue eyes staring back at him. He sighed heavily, shoulders slouching as if he had the weight of everything on him in that moment before he straightened back up.

"John, we just want to understand all of this. As far as I'm aware nothing further will happen to you, and I intend to keep it that way as long as you...don't lash out."

Silence.

"Please, I'd like to talk to you properly about this." He pushed the items closer to the end of the table.

"I'll be right outside the door, just give a knock whenever you're ready

to talk.”

With that the Captain left the room to let Soap think. And that he thought deeply, granted he didn't have much of a choice, either he could talk now and get it over with or keep quiet until eventually everything broke. Breathing deeply he stood up, slower this time as to not hit his head on the ceiling again, slowly shifting back to the human form he had been using to disguise himself all these months, felt strange to be back in it admittedly but for everyone's comfort he might as well. At least the Captain was kind enough to think about clothing cause, Soap was standing in the middle of the room naked as the day he was born.

Getting dressed, he took his sweet time with it too, pulling the shirt over his head and then smoothing out his messy Mohawk.

Eventually he managed to work up the courage to knock on the door, loud and clear to signal Price, if he even was still there. Which he was as the door opened awfully quickly as the familiar face filled the doorway. But Soap couldn't help but frown, a lump in his throat as he moved away from the door and went and sat himself down at the table.

Price following in as the door closed, it was quiet. The captain didn't say anything as he patiently waited for Soap to speak up when he wanted.

”...How is he? Simon.”

Soap wasn't expecting his voice to be so hoarse sounding, barely above a whisper as it caught him off guard, clearing his throat a little.

”He's alright. Suffered a shot to the lower leg, but he's fine and will make a full recovery.”

”Good, good.”

”Said you were the one to help him out of the line of fire, and saved his hide from Graves when he went rouge.”

Price must've seen the contorted confusion in the others face, everything was still a blur. The effects from the darts and everything happening so fast, it was hard to remember some pieces of it.

”Graves had been terminated, gruesome sight to see but he was asking for it...”

Oh.

So that's why his mouth tasted so gross. The scene slowly coming back to him.

He hadn't killed a human before, he wasn't disagreeing with Price, Graves absolutely asked for it but the thought was almost gut wrenching to think about especially when the after taste had been left behind.

"When can I get out of here to wash my mouth out?"

That brought the Captain to the brink of tears, laughter filling the room as he had about lost it from the first thing Soap had said as his shoulders bounced when he laughed. A small smile threatening to tear its way to Soap's lips from the reaction.

"I'll see if I can pull a few strings to get you out of here. But for now that won't be happening till we get an explanation on your end."

And right back to seriousness.

So he had no choice, time to spill every little thing he supposed.

Price had sat down in the chair across from Soap, all ears to listen to him as Soap leaned back in the chair with arms crossed over his chest, trying to figure out how to start.

"Well, for starters the lot of you aren't subtle in the slightest when hunting us, we're smarter than you humans think. It didn't take a lot to figure out ye were hunting me."

"So you managed to burrow your way in to hide from us?"

"To put it simply, yes. Pulled a few strings, did some not so legal things to worm my way in. It worked, and none of ye batted an eye. Ya learn a thing or two from being around humans for so long."

Price nodded a little, seeming to agree on that last bit. It was understandable at best, and explained a lot of how Soap was able to do certain things.

"So, where did it all go wrong?"

Soap went quiet from this, searching his brain for anything that could identify what started this snowball effect of chaos. But he truly couldn't think of anything, other than that mission where Graves

admitted to knowing.

"I honestly don't know, Cap. Didnae think no one knew, but Graves proved me wrong. Last mission, when I went to retrieve the info we needed he cornered me in the room, claiming he knew what I was and threatened to kill me right there."

"You didn't say anything?"

"Well what was I supposed to say?! 'Hey guys, our commander is a lunatic who thinks I'm a cryptid and threatened to kill me!' And somehow not become a walking suspicion?!"

He snapped, sitting up straight as he threw his arms in the air to further exaggerate how absurd the question was, Price didn't seem phased though as he just slowly nodded his head.

"Anyone else know?"

"...Ghost knows, I might've lashed out a little on the mission when one of the things got loose. After that he sort of demanded some answers, I told him everything. I trust him more than anything, but I admit it was terrifying for someone to know."

Price didn't say anything, soaking up the information laid out for him as Soap sunk back into the chair as if it was the only comforting thing in this room. Everything that led up until now, and with everything out on the table, Soap admittedly was still left in the dark of what he could've done for Graves to notice and take such a massive jump to the conclusion he made. He had been fairly quiet about his identity and he hasn't done anything to make it obvious.

"I...I have no ill intentions here, I just wanted to live a fairly normal life without being hunted down. Whatever stories that have been told of me are silly tales, I've never hurt anyone until now. Please know that."

Soap studied his superiors face, searching for whatever answers he may be seeking to desperately have. He knew he could trust Price and his judgement on things, but could Price trust him with knowing what he is?

"John, you are one of my best soldiers, and a good friend. I know you well enough you mean no harm to anyone, and I trust you. Knowing your side of all this, it does bring clarity now and does paint a bigger picture."

"Thank you..."

He whispered, the sheer relief that overcame him from this was truly a breath of fresh air as he whispered many thanks to Price, hands clasped together as he pressed the sides of them to his forehead as if he was saying a silent prayer.

"And Soap, know I'll do everything I can to prevent anything from happening to you. You may be different than us, but you've burrowed your way into this messed up family and sure as hell you're not going anywhere."

Wanting to crawl across the table to hug Price would be a slight understatement of how at peace his mind was now. The tension practically gone with the knowledge of Price wanting to actually fight for him, and that he wasn't afraid of him it was almost the equivalent to the relief he felt when Ghost had found out.

The two men stood up from their seats as they concluded the interview, Price held a hand out to Soap, who promptly took it and dragged the older man into a firm embrace. Which definitely caught Price off guard, but the action did not go unnoticed as he returned it. And just as quickly as it happened, it ended as they stepped back.

"Are the others able to see me? If so, I'd like to talk to Gaz."

"I'll let him know, and if he's ready to speak I'll send him your way."

"Thank you again, Price."

With that the man left the room, the silence melting in as Soap was left alone to only hope Gaz was willing to talk to him. He couldn't imagine the damage he had caused, the trust they had built broken due to what happened. The image of Gaz's terrified expression was stained in his mind. It worries him truthfully.

Once again, Soap wasn't sure how long had passed until he heard the door open again. All he knew was that it had been too long and his stomach was twisting in knots now that it began opening, the familiar face of his best friend entering the room. Much more cautious than Price was when he came in. And really, he couldn't blame Gaz for it,

he was alone in a room with a monster that could tear his throat out at any given moment. Gaz's expression was a kaleidoscope of emotions but the most prominent being uncertainty.

Soap stayed right where he was which was the other side of the room farthest from the fearful man walking in. Now was his turn to tiptoe and hope he wouldn't say or do anything to make things worse.

"...I'm sorry. For everything you had to witness back there, this isn't how I wanted things to go."

Right out the gate Soap was. Might as well get the apologies and explanations over with, no room for excuses within this room.

"All I want to know is why? Why go through the trouble, of everything. Why couldn't you tell us?"

"I was afraid of dying, Gaz! To the hands of people desperate to hunt me down even though I've done nothing to provoke them! I just wanted a fairly normal life...and I couldn't tell any of ye because I wouldn't know if ye would kill me or not but I wasn't gonna be an eejit and find out!" Soap exclaimed, taking a step forward but stopped himself before he could start moving. Making his place where he was.

His emotions were swirling, he wanted to shout, scream, cry all at once. He didn't know what to feel, he was scared and angry for all that's happened and is happening, truly it almost made him regret any of this, and perhaps it all being a mistake and that he should've let them...

"How come Ghost got to know though?"

"Graves and him both knew! A dinnae ken how he knew, but he was the first! And Ghost demanded and practically forced the information out of me because I gave myself away on accident!! I never meant for anyone to find out but people did and it's all gone to shit!"

Soap breathed heavily, he felt hot and sweaty like he was overheating and his head hurt from all of this, at this point he wanted to be left alone. But he knew that wouldn't happen with the situation he was in, he was going to continue to be pestered and poked at till they could reach a conclusion whether to kill him or not.

He took a deep breath, trying to calm down as he leaned himself against the wall, looking down at his feet as if they were the most interesting thing in the world.

"Had it been different circumstances and my life wasn't in danger I would've told all of you. And I'm going to tell you what I told Price, I'm not here to harm anyone, I don't want to hurt anyone like that, just want to be able to live..."

The room's silence was loud as Gaz stared into him, feeling those eyes practically bore into his very being. And he almost squirmed a bit under the gaze as it became uncomfortable. Until Gaz spoke up, but his voice elicited something different, humor.

"You know you did a piss poor job picking a work place that 'doesn't kill and lives normally' right?"

"Hey, it was either hide here or with the civilians in town. Which would've been super boring. I think I did an excellent job thank you very much."

Gaz chuckled with a small smile as he shook his head, approaching Soap as they clasped hands and brought each other into a quick embrace like Soap had done with Price.

"It's good to know you're okay, Soap."

"Aye, you too..."

They backed away from each other, exchanging looks without words, but they seemed to understand as Gaz walked away, waving to Soap before walking out of the room.

With a heavy sigh of relief, releasing a breath of air he never knew he held he sat himself down at the table. Head in hands, thankful for the so far positive treatment he had gotten. But he had doubt in mind it wouldn't last for long. There was still someone he wished to talk to. The door opened once again.

Speak of the devil.

"Ghost."

"Soap."

Chapter End Notes

Always happy to hear what y'all would like me to write next!

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

I think we all need a break from the stress and angst of the past chapters, let's indulge in some light Ghoap

The two men stared at each other, silent and still. Taking the other in like it had been ages since they've seen each other.

The door clicked shut. Ghost began moving towards Soap, who slowly stood up from his chair. Noting the limp Ghost had as he walked, which was more than likely from the bullet wound he suffered from, and he couldn't help but frown at it and what had all happened.

Ghost had stopped in front of the sergeant, a moment of pause as Soap brought himself to finally look the other in the eyes. Searching them for something, but he couldn't find what he was searching for. Slowly bringing a hand to Ghost's face.

Letting it hover, not quite making contact with the others cheek, hesitating as if out of fear of hurting the other. His thoughts quickly diminished seeing and feeling the other lean into his hand, the fabric of the balaclava rough against his hand. Eyes widening slightly in surprise of the action, reaching his other hand up and pressing it against the other cheek.

The atmosphere wasn't tense, in fact it was almost calm as the emotions ran through them in the silence, unsaid words exchanged in small tender actions. Exhaling quietly, Soap pulled the other into a tight hug, arms tightly wrapped around his neck as he stood upon his toes. Ghost's fingers twitched slightly as he raised them, caught slightly off guard from the affection, but returned it all the same as he buried his head into the crook of the Scotsman's neck.

Soap wasn't sure how long they stood there like that, all he knew was he could stay like this for days and just melt into it even further if possible. The company of his superior was the type he cherished the most, he would be lying if he said his feelings didn't extend beyond what would be considered professional, perhaps even further than that.

He had peeled himself away from Ghost, allowing the other to look up at him in question almost. Memorizing those eyes like had done before

millions of times, and Soap never got tired of them and their beauty, how much depth they held and easily dragged him in.

"Johnny..."

Ghost's voice was low, almost a whisper as he uttered the others name a name no one else was allowed to speak except him.

With a swift movement, Soap closed the gap between them. Pressing lips to the clothed lips, the feeling of the balaclava was strange but he wasn't willing to push the others boundaries so he settled for this as he held his lips there before moving his head back.

Wide eyes full of surprise stared back at him, stunned into blissful silence. And when the silence started to become too long and the thoughts of perhaps be made a mistake began swirling, he was promptly stopped as Ghost pulled his mask up just above his nose. Soap had little time to register or take in the features as lips were firmly pressed against his.

It was warm and sweet, oh so tooth rottingly sweet. Filled with longing and need for the other just to be there in the others presence. To reassure the other that everything would be okay.

Ghost couldn't help a smile that pulled at his lips at the little note of Soap having to be on his toes to properly reach, horribly amusing and the sergeant knew it. Lightly tugging on the bottom of Soap's lip with his teeth, which was taken immediately as invitation as he opened his mouth within the kiss, Ghost immediately swallowing him, devouring him.

A shocked gasp was echoed into the room, Ghost jerking his head back in utter shock as his gloved hand covered his mouth, eyes impossibly wide as they stared down at Soap.

The little shit.

Soap had a stupid grin plastered to his face, practically showing off those sharp teeth he had as he stuck his tongue out.

And *oh*.

That's what took the Lieutenant by surprise. It was long, longer than a normal humans and forked like a snakes.

Jesus Christ if that didn't stir something in him, he would be lying.

And the asshole who caused it could only chuckle as it slipped back into his mouth, wiggling his brows.

"You're a fuckin' menace."

"Got to keep ye on yer toes some how."

"Is there anything else you could be hiding that I should know about?"

Soap hummed, tapping his chin with a smirk as he shrugged his shoulders. "I'll let ye find out all of that on yer own."

"Menace."

Soap chuckled, very amused about leaving the other in the dark on the many other things he could be hiding in this human form. His grin softening into a smile as he studied Ghost, noticing the small shift in step and a small wince from the other. Frowning, he stepped back out of the Brits hold, motioning him to sit down in the chair.

"I'm fine, Johnny."

"I ain't going ta' have this argument. Sit yer arse down." He ordered.

Sighing heavily, Ghost reluctantly sat himself down in the chair. Feeling the relief of getting off his leg. Ghost was almost as stubborn as the Scot, but not as bad as he was, not in the department of putting off injuries. If there was a reward for that, John MacTavish would be the winner no questions asked. The amount of times he had put his injuries off for the others without anyone knowing, god almost too many to count. Everyone eventually caught on so made extra care to look him over just to calm the paranoia he has caused.

Soap had gone and sat down in the other chair, eyes glued to Ghost, filled with so much love and admiration, smitten. God he was so smitten for him.

To say what they had was breaking a few rules would be such an understatement. God they were breaking nearly every rule in the book, but their determination and stubbornness for the other kept them firm in their places to pursue whatever this was turning out to be.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer." Ghost teased, saying it in an almost mocking tone to the last time the sentence was ever uttered.

"Why take a picture when I have the real thing?"

Soap snapped back, a toothy smile in place as he eyed the other. Ghost unable to help a smile slip as he chuckled, pulling the mask back down. Even with the mask in place, Soap memorized that beautiful smile, every inch of it for safe keeping.

A few words were spoken here and there, gentle touches as they visited within the confined space. Soap tapping his fingers on the table quietly, practically in a trance as he stared at them. It was quiet for a while, comforting quiet but something was lingering in the corner, something that had yet been said, until finally he spoke up.

"How long have I been out?"

"Three days. You had a lot of that shit injected in you, weren't sure when you'd wake if ever."

Soap nodded his head, resting his elbows on the table as his head was in his hands, deep in thought about the whole ordeal as he sighed.

"FBI got involved, Price is fighting with them currently in attempts to keep you here with us. Truthfully that's all I know of the situation, just about everyone here is in the dark."

"...I don't want to die."

"And you won't. You're alive as long as I say you are."

He swallowed a lump forming in his throat, letting the words Ghost spoke sink in. He truthfully couldn't wrap his head around why everyone in the 141 was seeming unphased by all of this, for fucks sake they had a whole ass cryptid on their team and yet they trusted it, they trusted it wasn't going to rip their throats out and gut them at any moment, at any chance it got.

Soap wouldn't do that though, they were his family practically. He wouldn't dream of hurting them, not on purpose of course. He wasn't like that thing back there that had caused such a massacre, he wasn't anything like it and yet he felt scared of any possibility that could happen. He was drowning in it all, terror was welling up inside, like a

bubble full of acid ready to burst and burn anything in its vicinity.

"Thank you."

"What?" Soap's head shot up suddenly as he looked at Ghost, who was staring him down with an almost knowing gaze.

"Thank you, for saving my life back there. I had told you to run, to go and you stayed. And saved me, selfish it may be in this situation but, thank you."

Soap's eyes widened slightly, he wasn't sure what he was expecting. Truthfully he almost forgot about that, if it weren't for the horrid memory of him ripping Graves limb from limb.

"Couldn't just leave ye there. I'll always have yer six."

"And I'll have yours."

Soft warm gazes melting into each other, Soap's finger twitching as he reached over and took Ghost's hand in his. Holding it as he rubbed loose circles with his thumb on the back of the others hand.

Suddenly the door swung open, the two jerking their hands away as they looked over. Price walking in with two unknown people.

"Soap, got some people that want to talk to you."

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

Finally got off my ass and decided to get on this again! Those who stuck around for this update, mad respect to y'all!

We are in the final stretch of chapters for this Au!!

TW: Claustrophobia

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The idea wasn't at all preferred if Soap had to be honest, the FBI having to show up, of all people! Them and their damned connections, he supposed the plus side to it was they allowed Price to stay. Either way though, he dreaded having to speak to them now and what they had to say to him.

Watching the unfamiliar faces walk into the room and take a seat across from him, catching their glances at the dent in the table.

"Ye have to excuse that. Was all doped up and woke up from quite the nasty nap."

He could practically hear Price internally smacking his forehead at the god awful response. Though the others didn't say anything, barely acknowledged it as they just nodded and continued with why they were here.

"I'm sure you have some grasp onto what's going on and why we are here, Sergeant MacTavish."

"Aye, ye here to see if I'm worthy enough of livin' or deemed a potential threat."

They paused for a moment, mulling his words over. "Suppose that's one way of putting it, an easier more simplified way."

Soap chewed on the inside of his cheek, nodding his head as he leaned back a little in his chair. That confidence and snarky attitude seeming to dissipate when the issues started coming forth and that his life was practically teetering on the edge of a cliff. The people in front of him seemed to be waiting expectantly for him, like he should say or do

something to determine his fate right then and there.

With a heavy sigh, he motioned to them with his hand. "On wi' it then."

"Right."

-

Needless to say, Soap was bored and really tired. Had been at this for...what time was it even? There was no clock and he had nothing on him to tell the time. All he knew was this felt like forever, and that he might as well have died of boredom long ago.

He felt like he was repeating the same story and same things to these people millions of times. How much convincing did it take for them to believe he wasn't here to nibble on their heads? To top this off he was pretty sure they were asking the same things over and over as well, just differently worded each time. And the only thing Price ever did was add some advice here and there of the benefits of having one of the 'creatures' on their side.

Which, he wasn't sure what was holding these people back. A war machine of a monster out on the battle field could do them some good, not to mention it would give him a good use to let loose and not constantly be stuck in this tiny meat sack of a body, hobbling around and having to conceal his eating habits.

"A dinnae ken whit else tae tell ye! A've given ye everything a ken, n' things to back myself up on!" Soap shouted, annoyed and stressed. His accent heavy when raising his voice at the others sitting across from him. He let out a heavy sigh, running his hands through his Mohawk, leaning back into the cold metal seat.

Something was exchanged between the other two, no words, only eye contact before nodding their heads. Finally standing up from their seats. Upon the new movement, Soap jumped right up seeing how the others were on guard from this suddenly but he ignored it in favor of needing to know if he finally was going to get out of here.

"Ye made a decision? Am I finally leavin' this place?" His eyes wide, expecting, hopefully, nothing but good news.

"We'll let you know later, Sergeant MacTavish."

Is hope quickly plummeted.

"We still need to look over something's." One of them excused as they walked to the door.

Soap stood there, a flurry of emotions spiraling around him as he watched them leave the barren room.

"Soap."

Oh. Right, Price.

He looked over at him silently, swallowing the lump in his throat that was threatening him.

"We're all trying very hard to sway their minds. We'll pull you through this as much as we can. With the way things went with Graves, I'm sure it'll help convince them some."

Price rested a hand on Soap's shoulder, giving it a reassuring squeeze. Admittedly, Soap wanted to believe the captain, really he did but that bubbling doubt in his gut was festering. Breathing deeply through his nose he gave a nod, smiling up at the man.

"I know ye are. Tell 'em' I appreciate the support. Even if it's a little hard for them to grasp on to all of this..."

"I'll let them know."

The captain began walking to the door, the fear of being left alone again for who knows how long was eating its way at Soap but he held it in, not wanting to be taken as a coward in the face of his superior.

"Price."

"Hm?"

"I'm sorry. For all of this, should've told ye sooner...instead of finding out this way."

"...You had your reasons, Soap. Don't apologize for trying to keep yourself safe."

With that, Price left the room. The door clicking shut and the silence coming back tenfold. It felt much more tense, now having finally

talked to the people above all of them and now his life was fully in their hands.

He took a deep breath in, filling his lungs as he looked around the plain room. Had it always been this small? The air felt stale. Soap as far as he was aware wasn't claustrophobic, he had been in some tight places and had no issues.

But something to do with his current situation and status and having been in this room for so long with no tell of time was beginning to get to him. He was even in his human form, so he shouldn't feel such a way, but he was. It felt tight in there.

The walls weren't touching but they might as well be, that or if they were going to move and crush him slowly til he was nothing but a pile of fleshy mush. The thought of his body having to be scraped up off the walls was horrendous and sent a shiver up his spine.

That damned lump was coming back. Swallowing again he sat himself back down, exhaling heavily as his head fell in his hands. The weight heavy and only now did he realize how sore his body felt, so wrapped up in everything he hadn't taken them time to realize such things.

God he felt too big for this room. It was definitely smaller than before. His chest felt tight and constricting, once he got out of here he wasn't going to be in a small confined room for a long long time. And he would make sure of that. Unfortunately though, for now, all he had to truly focus on was trying to survive the room and hope he would survive the outside whenever it came back.

Chapter End Notes

Jamming to California Girls as I write this

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

default dances

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

His stomach growled, god he was starving. Where was a vending machine when he needed one? Or at least someone to bring him something to eat, one would think the smart thing to do would keep a supposed monster fed instead of starving it.

Not that Soap would ever eat a human! He's heard they taste quite awful, and he can testify, Graves tasted like a bag of sweaty gym socks. And not like he had much of a choice, Graves was going to kill Ghost, he had to do something!

Soap let out a loud, and very annoyed groan. Something to break the silence of the room as he let his fall into the table. If he had a watch he'd say he's been waiting for over an hour. He said all he could to them to try and convince them to keep him alive, and if he knew Price, which he did, Price would be on his side fighting to keep him alive...he hoped.

Oh great, he's been here so long now that he was beginning to spiral into doubting his own team. Do cryptids get therapy? Lord knows he needs it.

He was trying to keep his mind busy, avoid going into a spiral and panicking all over again. Wasn't being quite successful truthfully, only so much one could do in an empty room with absolutely nothing to do and no way of telling time.

Soap was beginning to doze off, head against the table as sleep was just on the brink of capturing him. That was until the door clicked and opened up, startling him a little as he threw his head up, quickly looking over at the door like a scared and cornered animal. Wide eyed as he stared, before slowly relaxing and composing himself.

"MacTavish."

They spoke, stepping aside as they held the door open for him. And there Soap sat there stunned, looking between them and the door, lifting a finger to point at the door.

"I can go?"

"Not yet, still need to speak to a few others. But, yes you can leave the room."

A horribly loud sigh of relief escapes him, as he stood up quickly and practically booked it to the door. He paused for a moment, looking back at them before regaining himself and calmly as he could, walked out of the room.

His poor eyes met with a bright hallway, squinting as he adjusted to it. Looking down both ways, there were a few doors down both and then some seating out in the hall. Taking in what little surroundings he had, he must've been a bit slow to it as he felt a firm hand on his back move him in the direction they needed to go. Guiding him all the way to one of the rooms, which looked very much like one of their briefing rooms, except slightly smaller.

At the table sat some unfamiliar faces, then it was Price and Laswell on one end, he should feel relief in this moment but that wasn't the feeling he truly was getting, not like the one he felt when he finally got to leave that room. Taking a deep breath, he swallowed a lump forming in his throat, straightening his shoulders as he approached the table.

"Have a seat, Sergeant."

One of the unfamiliar people spoke, motioning to an empty seat. Nodding his head, he pulled out the chair and took a seat at the table, fidgeting with his thumbs as he looked at all the people before him.

"So, hope this is all but good news. Would hate ta have this bonnie face all messed up."

Flashing his signature grin, he could see Laswell pinching the bridge of her nose as she shook her head. He chuckled nervously as the others cleared their throats, moving on and completely ignoring his comment.

"We've come to an agreement on your...situation. You will be allowed to live, and continue serving within the 141."

"Oh thank god." Soap breathed out, placing a hand on his chest as some weight was finally lifted off his shoulders.

They continued.

"Under the conditions of you being allowed to freely use your...real self, during missions when necessary. We also expect frequent reports to monitor how this change is affecting the work environment and to keep an eye out and make sure nothing goes wrong."

The hesitation in their voice when attempting to describe him was rather undermining, and awkward admittedly. But he was going through this with an open mind, not everyone was going to truly accept such a change, and he didn't expect anyone to get used to such things so he couldn't blame them for feeling uncomfortable entirely.

"We expect you to agree to these conditions. Your superiors have already agreed, we now need confirmation from you."

"Aye!...A mean, I agree."

"Understand, if the conditions aren't met or we find anything to be off, know there will be no hesitation in exterminating you."

Soap sat there wide eyed, nodding his head slowly in understanding. "Aye, I understand. Ye won't have ta worry about any o' that."

"We hope so."

Laying out some pieces of paper for Soap to sign, just to ensure that he understands what exactly he's getting into. Which the Scotsman gladly signed if it meant he got to live.

"We entrust you'll give us regular updates on this new development?"

They spoke to Price, as he nodded. "Yes, of course"

With papers signed and everything discussed, the higher ups dismissed themselves saying their goodbyes before properly leaving. And finally Soap was free at last, out of that horrid room and still in one piece for the most part.

He sat there soaking up everything, the feeling in the room, lack of tension, his new surroundings and finally seeing people properly after what felt like ages. He inhaled deeply as his bones relaxed, slumping in his chair as he just relished in this feeling that he has missed so

dearly in the past few days. Which reminded him, he was starving.

"How are we feeling, John?" Laswell spoke as the two looked at him.

"How do I feel? I'm fuckin' starvin'! Ye think ye wouldn't let a big ol' monster starve if it was in ya facility, but no!"

He threw his arms up in the area exasperatedly, with a loud huff being his usual dramatic self. Which brought on light chuckles from Laswell and Price, causing a very happy grin to glue itself to Soap's features, swelling with happiness as he pushed himself up and out of the chair.

"Ah dinnae ken aboot' you but I'm headin' to the mess! Ransack the whole inventory."

"You better not, or I'll have you on toilet duty for 2 months!" Price threatened, though his tone was lighthearted as he pointed an accusing finger at Soap who was headed to the door.

"Should have thought twice aboot agreeing to keeping a big ol' thing like me!" He sang, laughing as he walked out of the room with Price muttering curses at him. Feeling the happiest he's been in days as he made his way to the mess hall with a slight spring in his step. And he couldn't help his splitting grin, fangs showing off for the world to see as his scarred skin tore slightly on the sides of his mouth from grinning so damn big.

If he was finally getting freedom you know damn well he was going to make the most of it now.

Chapter End Notes

Consider checking out my newest fanfic [All I See Is You!!](#)

Love you guys!!^^

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

The finale! Stick around to the end for some extra stuff!!

TW: mild body horror

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He didn't get too far down the hall when a weight barreled into him nearly taking him to the ground if it weren't for the wall beside him and then getting pulled back into a side hug.

"Good to see your dumbass finally out of that dingy room!"

Gaz laughed, messing up Soap's Mohawk with his hand as the other swatted at him to stop.

"Aye! Ye can say that without that!" Soap huffed with an annoyed tone, not truly annoyed at Gaz as his voice did have underlying hints of amusement and his expression said otherwise.

"Now what's the fun in that? 'Sides, got to show my favorite teammate some love after being gone for so long."

"Oh! Piss off with ya! I can smell yer shit a mile away."

A snort escaped the other sergeant, quickly falling into a pit of laughter from that. The laughter was horribly contagious as was Gaz's bubbly attitude that Soap finally broke into the same fit of laughter. If Price was nearby he would say something along the lines of them acting like children, little school boys.

Gaz wiped a tear from the corner of his eye as he caught his breath, huffing a breath of air.

"Aight, I'm starving let me go eat!"

"Wait, wait, you're actually going to eat in the mess?" Kyle's voice filled with disbelief.

"Aye, might as well now the cat's out o' the bag. The lot of ya have to get used to me all over again!"

Pushing Gaz's weight off him, he continued his trek to the mess hall.

Letting Gaz follow along, whether it was cause he happened to be heading the same way or for his own curiosity's sake wanted to see how weird it was for Soap to eat he had no idea. They all had to find out about it at some point.

After all, a cryptid was now officially on their team. Now that Soap thought about it, he could use his new privilege to his advantage, scare some unruly rookies into line.

He couldn't help but to chuckle at the thought of that. Sighing he ran a hand through his mohawk to fix it, finding that it was starting to get a bit long due to not keeping up with it, he'd have to go over and fix that up later.

The two sergeants eventually made their way to the mess hall, the sound of soldiers chattering away easily being heard outside the large room. Opening the door the two filed in as Soap made a bee line for the food, already feeling his mouth just water at the smell.

Now it wasn't like the food here was a five star outstanding meal or anything, it was alright at best, but when you've practically been starved for a few days anything becomes a five star meal. The man practically having tunnel vision right now with how hungry he felt, and whether he noticed it or not he paid no kind to the eyes following him.

All knowing.

Soap helped himself to as much as he desired, piling his tray with food as he turned and began scanning the room looking for someone. Who he seemed to find, locking on target and making his way to the designated table. Popping himself and his tray down right beside Gaz.

"Jesus man, taking our entire inventory are we?"

"Careful, with how hungry I am I just might. Leave only crumbs for ye rats."

Gaz gasped dramatically, a hand placed upon his chest as he scolded Soap.

"You take that back."

"Nope." Popping the P as he emphasized the word.

Turning his attention over to Roach who was sitting in front of them, looking back and forth with a raised brow.

"Not you Roach, you're no rat."

I'm telling Cap you called him a rat. He signed.

Now it was Soap's turn to gasp just as dramatically if not even more than Gaz.

"Ye better not. I'll kick your arse!"

"What's this about kicking who's arse?"

A firm hand placed itself on Soap's shoulder, giving a gentle squeeze before sitting himself down beside the Scotsman.

"Soap's going to kick Roach's ass if he tells Price that Soap called him a rat." Gaz piped up.

"Oh, after all that the captain just did for you, Soap? Might tell him myself."

"I'll kick both of your arses! I can take ye both!" Soap pointed accusingly between Roach and Ghost. Smugness very clear on both their features even if one had a mask on.

Now that's just cheating, Soap.

"Consider it payback for the times ye cheated."

When have we cheated?

"...I'll get back to ye on that."

The three chuckled at his deflection on the question. As he went to shove his face full of food. The atmosphere suddenly dropping as he did so, the silence growing quickly as they watched.

Soap's anatomy was different due to him being a cryptid. Retaining several features and traits when in his human form. In this case would be his mouth, a way to think of it would be like it was a compressed version of his actual mouth to fit the human form, so when eating in his human state it's like he has to unhinge his jaw to eat properly.

Due to this anatomy the jaw is held on by skin, so the imagery of what

the others were seeing wasn't pretty. Opening his mouth to eat the food, his jaw opened up, a gross pop sounding from the bone as the skin where his cheek scars were began to tear and open up. And just like that his mouth closed as he chewed.

The skin on his cheeks loose from tearing as they moved along with the movement of his jaw. Pink tissue being seen from underneath, similarly his gums and teeth as he ate.

"Ye know it's rude to stare?"

"You were right, I was not prepared for this." Ghost muttered, hinting at their previous conversation before which made Soap chuckle a little.

"I'm unsure whether to feel grossed out or find it...neat?" Gaz muttered, eyes glued to Soap's mouth specifically.

The reactions further entertaining him as he laughed.

"Ye act like ye haven't seen a cryptid before." He joked, nudging Gaz playfully.

Needless to say they were all shocked, maybe a little scarred for a bit by what they witnessed. But they eventually got over it as Soap continued eating his food. The interesting thing about it though was when he was done eating after a while, it took a moment but slowly the skin pulled itself back together, like he didn't just rip half his face open to fit some food in his gob. There was clearly a lot to learn, and many things they would need to get used to now that Soap was allowed to be freely out and about.

Missions were to be followed as normally. Treated as normally, only exception was Soap was freely allowed to be his cryptid self out on the field. Of course there were some restrictions and rules behind this, main thing being the form was to be used if ever needed. Along with a few other rules that Soap definitely followed.

Another thing added to their schedules was it was required for the time being for rookies and the team to train while Soap was in his monster form, if there was ever a case on a mission he had to use it

the others would know what to do when it happened and how the situation would further needed to be handled. Truth be told, Soap quite enjoyed training the new recruits, he found their reactions quite hilarious when they learned of their superiors abilities.

Course it wasn't all rainbows and sunshine with this new addition. Some weren't fully accepting of this change, and their work profession didn't change either. Killing monsters was still in the job title and it's what they continued doing. Higher ups regularly checked on him made sure everything was going exactly how they wanted. Their own little war machine was what he technically was to an extent. Not to mention the change of now having to keep any of this information getting out into the public or into any enemy's hands, that part was rather troublesome to handle.

He wouldn't lie that the change had its ups and downs. But he had his team, his family to lean on when things got tough. This job wasn't meant to be easy by no means, but having his team lifted some of that weight off him.

"Alright men, 5 minutes til touch down! No fooling around out here, I want this to be in and out!"

"Yes, sir!"

Soap straightened in his seat, eyes forward and thumbs tucked under the straps of his vest. Feeling the aircraft descend, sounds of metal clinking and weapons clicking getting ready for what was out there. Feeling a tap against his knee he looked up at Ghost beside him, staring into his eyes before giving each other a shared nod, silent words spoken as they stood up when landed.

The doors opening open.

Chapter End Notes

Firstly I want to thank each and every one of you for taking the time to read my silly nonsense! All the love this got was truly a surprise, I did not expect this to be such a hit! I loved reading each and every one of your comments and answering questions it truly motivated me with this!! So thank you guys!

Second, this may be the end of this story but believe me, I do have future plans to expand upon this Au! So keep an eye out for

any future mini fics for this.(possible future smut)

Lastly it would mean the world if y'all could go and check out my other ongoing fics!!

Anywho, love you guys to bits!! And thank you!!!

End Notes

Ghost certified monster 'lover'

And Soap has definitely met Mothman.

Here's my socials!

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